Katie The Bulky Gets Spanked
Chapter 1: Laying Down the Law
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[Author's note: this is a fanfic for DrKriege's "Hell High" comics, which feature the character Katie the Bulky. While I make all my stories available under a Creative Commons license, please be aware this doesn't apply to DrKriege's characters and universe. This isn't necessarily canon, just my personal interpretation of his comic universe and a potential origin story for "Katie the Bulky" at Hell High. Content warning: this story prominently features corporal punishment, bullying, diaper content, and humiliation.]

Ever since Katie "The Bulky" Bolker graduated secondary school, her parents weren't sure what to do with her. They hadn't expected any of the Ivy League schools to call (not with her grade point average), but they'd at least hoped one of the second tier schools would accept her. But after receiving rejection letter after rejection letter, her Pappa and Mumma were getting nervous. Katie, for her part, kept insisting that she was going to make bank as a "gamer girl livestreamer," whatever that meant. Mr. and Mrs. Bolker never discouraged Katie from pursuing her hobby, but they weren't sure how precisely it was supposed to pay the bills. And being woken up several times a night by the sounds of video game explosions and machine gun fire, along with crass terms for various body parts and other colorful blasphemies, was starting to become slightly stressful.

From upstairs in Katie's room, Pappa and Mumma could make out the muffled sounds of their daughter profusely shouting her favorite 4-letter words. Pappa hid his face behind a newspaper. Mumma hummed to herself as she trimmed her banzai into the shape of a bunny rabbit.

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Katie the Bulky swore as she mowed down the last of her opponents. "Take that, wankers! And that's the game! Another victory! Bow to your dommy mommy!"

She was easily seven feet tall and broad-shouldered, with a handsome lantern jaw. She wore a single ring in the left nostril of her Romanesque nose, and as the victory music played, she flexed her broad shoulders and toned biceps. She wasn't particularly feminine, and certainly wasn't the sort of classical beauty you'd find painted in the National Gallery, but her hefty, blocky build was not without charm. She wore her black hair up in a tight bun, but her messy bangs were always falling over one of her eyes. With a puff, she blew away her bangs and read the comments on her livestream.

"Looks like we've got almost 900 concurrent Bulkers today! That won't do, losers! If you want to see some Gamer Grrrl Bubble Bath Action, you better crush that subscribe button like I crush skulls between my thighs, and hit our 1000 Sub "We Are Legion" Stretch Goal!"

Katie clicked the camera control on her streaming software to show off a new camera angle: a view of her bathtub, complete with graphics promising a view of Katie's bathtime, and an option to pre-order "Dommy Mommy Gamer Grrl Bathwater."

What the 900 "Bulkers" who regularly watched Katie lacked in number, they made up for with passion. In fact, the more Katie the Bulky degraded and demeaned them, the more eager they were for more! Katie was immensely proud of her set up. Using her parents' credit card, she had purchased numerous HD cameras, capturing both her face, and her gamer gear. She'd even learned how to stream to multiple sites concurrently. She had been very careful to avoid doing anything that would bring down the wrath of the censors on Twitch or YouTube, but with a little armpit and sideboob here, a quick glimpse of her muscular butt crack there, and Katie had managed to become a niche internet micro-celebrity!

As was her tradition, Katie chugged a Monster energy drink on camera, wrapped up the all-night stream, and checked her analytics. "Maybe I need another camera angle? I know! A low angle, so I can make it look like I'm stepping on their pathetic faces!" she mused. There was no time to waste!

Stomping downstairs, Katie found her parents cowering behind their traditional English Breakfast, and without a word started rifling through her Mumma's purse. Pappa snatched up his newspaper, while Mumma grabbed the table to stop herself from falling over in her seat. "Oh! Katie! How did your livestream go?"

"Went great! I'm crushing it! But I need some more…uh, crisps and fizzy drinks!"

Mumma's eyes went wide. "Of course! Feel free to take my credit card…but, that's all you're buying? No more large purchases…please?" She looked to Pappa for guidance, only to find him trembling behind his copy of the *Times*.

Katie nodded absent-mindedly as she dumped out the contents of the purse and snatched up the credit card. "Yeah, whatever! I'll just get what I need. Sheesh! I don't need the third degree!"

As the door slammed shut after Katie, Pappa sighed with relief. "We really need to have a talk with her about the credit card bills. Maybe we need to try some more gentle parenting techniques?"

Mumma considered this suggestion. "Hmm, we've tried reasoning with her…we've tried showing her the family budget…what other options are there?"

Pappa adjusted his spectacles. "Asking her how her actions make others feel?"

In secondary school, Katie the Bulky had been in the habit of giving other students wedgies, swirlies, noogies, wet willies, and purple-nurples. Many times, she had been sent to the Headmaster's office, and asked how her actions made others feel. On one occasion, she'd

answered the Headmaster by giving him a demonstration of all her techniques at once. Katie was never summoned to the Headmaster's office again, so her parents concluded that the technique had worked wonders!

With a musical tinkle, the bell rang and the post arrived. Amidst the bills and advertisements, Mumma found a formal letter. "Notice of Acceptance? From Heaven High?"

Pappa peered at the gilded envelope. It was sealed with wax, and impressed with a symbol of pearly gates and clouds. "Hmm? A secondary school?"

Mumma popped the envelope open and began to flip through the contents, enraptured. "No! It's a University! And they say Katie's been accepted!"

Pappa strained his memory for the names of the various institutions he'd written applications and cover letters for, on Katie's behalf. "I don't recall filling out an application for a Heaven High…"

"This says they accept any and all willing applicants, and just look at these statistics on student performance! They claim any student of Heaven High can beat any Oxford don!"

"It must be some sort of scam. That's too good to be true. And if they were that good…Katie's academic record won't earn her any scholarships!"

But as Mumma opened a second smaller envelope, containing a full-ride scholarship signed by the Headmaster of Heaven High, Pappa's jaw dropped.

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Greedily, Katie ripped open the box of her brand new HD camera. "Perfect! Now I'll have every possible angle covered!"

As a student in secondary school, punishing various nerds, geeks, and dorks had given her a sense of purpose in life. After graduating, she'd worried that her life would all be downhill from there. But now she'd found her life's calling: bullying lonely people on the internet, who were happy to pay her for the privilege!

Katie burst through the front door, eager to set up and test the new camera before her next livestream. But first, she needed to refuel! "Where's breakfast?"

Mumma froze, in the middle of scooping the leftovers into tubs to save for later. "Oh, you're just in time! I was just putting it in the fridge for–"

"Ugh! Why would you put it away? I hate cold breakfast!" Katie's huge hand easily snatched the tub away from Mumma's grip. Katie grumbled as she scarfed down the luke-warm breakfast. "I

work hard all night, and all I ask is that I get a nice, piping hot breakfast! Is that so much to ask?"

"I'm so sorry your breakfast isn't hot. Your feelings are valid, Katie!" cooed Mumma, trying one of her tried and true parenting techniques.

Pappa's eyes went wide at the sight of the HD camera. "Katie, sweetie, is that *another* camera? I'm still behind on payments for the last three…"

Katie silenced her Pappa with a deadly stare. "Well, you're the one who's always telling me that it's important to keep our finances in order! You should be setting a better example!"

"...Yes, dear," said Pappa, before remembering the good news. "Katie! You got an acceptance letter from Heaven High! Along with a full scholarship! Take a look!"

Katie's cheeks bulged as she scarfed down the rest of her breakfast. After examining the various materials, she guffawed, sending beans and eggs flying. "Is this some kind of joke? This says their mission is 'To Bring Peace on Earth, and Good Will Towards Men'? Lame! And this says they still use corporal punishment! Can you believe that? I don't care to have my fanny whacked, thank you!"

Mumma and Pappa shared a look. Seeing that Pappa was at a loss for words, Mumma intervened. "Well, your Pappa and I agree that corporal punishment is barbaric and counter-productive, but since you're an adult, we thought you might consider it anyway…it is the first school to write to you!"

Katie swallowed her breakfast in a single gulp, then belched. "Just look at all these dorky robes they're wearing. What a bunch of losers!"

Pappa suddenly had a flash of inspiration. "Well, when I was in boarding school we used to have a little harmless fun with the first-year students. Back then, it was called 'fagging.' Maybe you could have a little…harmless fun with the students there?"

Katie considered this. The idea of delivering good, old-fashioned atomic wedgies again was rather appealing. But something about all the happy and smiling faces in the brochure made her feel ill. With a flick of her wrist, she tossed the letter like a frisbee, right into the bin, then raised both of her middle fingers. "I'd rather go to Hell!"

At that precise moment, the bells of the neighboring church began to chime. With a yawn, Katie tossed aside her dirty dishes and made her way to the stairs. "Well, I've got to set up for my next livestream. Remember, no noise while I'm working!"

Not sure what else to do, Pappa hid himself behind his newspaper, and Mumma began to collect Katie's dishes from the table. But as she brushed aside the mail, a thick, blood red

envelope caught her eye. Stamped across the front of the envelope were the words, “Go to Hell!” in solid black, block letters.

“What an eye-catching design. Very avant garde!” said Mumma as she popped open the letter. Then she squeaked. “Pappa! Katie got accepted to another University! With a full ride scholarship!”

“It’s not Dotheboys Hall, I suppose?”

“No! Better than that! It’s Hell High!”

Across the top of the brochure, the words “Better to Rule in Hell Than Serve in Heaven” were written in flaming letters, above a handsome illustration of scantily clad men and women wearing scholar caps, riding a sports car and firing machine guns. In the background, a Gothic cathedral was engulfed in a fiery explosion.

Pappa sighed. “Not another one of these scams. They’re probably unaccredited…”

Mumma shook her head. “No! Just look! Some of the most intelligent men and women in all of history went to Hell! And apparently the disciplinary program was designed by the Marquis de Sade himself!”

Pappa sniffed as he flipped through the pages, shocked by the detailed descriptions of various implements used for corporal punishment at the school. Some of them looked like medieval implements of torture. “A Frenchman? I don’t know, Mumma. That other school favored traditional corporal punishment too, and Katie seemed dead set against it.”

Mumma gestured to a pamphlet describing the Mission of Hell High. “But that’s just it! It’s not a traditional program at all. It’s very experimental and forward-thinking. Look here: it says, ‘There are No Rules at Hell High.*’”

“Then what’s that asterisk?”

Mumma flipped to the back of the pamphlet and found several pages of tightly written legal notices in fine print. Pulling out her reading glasses, she strained her eyes and was able to make out some of it. “Well, the first asterisk says, ‘The Only Rule is ‘Do What Thou Wilt.’ It seems like you don’t get punished for ‘being bad’ at Hell High. In fact, each student is encouraged to tease and punish the other students as much as possible. It sort of sounds like what you were talking about at boarding school. A bit of harmless fagging! Just like Katie used to do to those first-year students who all went to the insane asylum!”

Pappa shook his head. “Katie seems more focused on her…gaming career. I’m not sure she’d be interested.”

“Then why did she sign the Offer of Acceptance?”

“What are you talking about? She can’t have done. This only just arrived with the post this morning!”

But sure enough, there at the bottom of the letter was the scrawled signature, in blood red ink. “Katie ‘The Bulky’ Bolker.” Next to it, the date had been printed in Kate’s unmistakable chicken-scratch handwriting.

Pappa and Mumma spent the rest of the morning pouring through the materials from Hell High. To their surprise, the bulky young woman pictured in most of the illustrations in the extensive booklet on corporal punishment bore a striking resemblance to Katie.

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After Katie finished setting up her newest camera, which beautifully highlighted her great, big feet, and her powerful, Amazonian figure, she tested her streaming software and scheduled her next livestream: “This Is What a *Winner* Looks Like!!! [#KatieTheBulky].” Then she double checked the angle on the camera she’d set up in the bathroom. As far as Katie was concerned, YouTube and Twitch’s rules for suggestive content were absurdly prudish, but she had prepared a workaround. For the main livestream, she would teasingly step into the bathtub, while carefully concealing any nudity. The low angle of the camera would show her shoulders and some cleavage, but she was sure she could evade a ban from the major platforms. Then, she would encourage her biggest fans to follow her on alternative streaming platforms, with less strict content moderation, for the second, spicier camera angle.

She overheard her parents chatting animatedly about some school or other, and scoffed. “Probably another dorky religious school!”

After her long night of gaming, Katie took a power nap, not bothering to change out of her grungy, sweaty clothes from yesterday. She dreamed sweet dreams of her days in secondary school. Katie never bothered to learn the names of her classmates, but she remembered all her loving nicknames for them, like “Dingus #2,” “Dweeb #8,” and who could forget “Doofus #13”?

Katie smiled in her sleep, reliving the time she’d spanked Doofus #13’s bare fanny in front of the entire debate club, before ordering the rest of the club members to line up and await their turn. After Katie had cat-called the debate club at a school pep rally, forever dubbing them “The Master Debaters,” the Headmaster had proposed that Katie should participate in the debate club for a semester, to help Katie learn to appreciate the value of debate!

And sure enough, Katie had *loved* debate club! On her first day, she suggested that the club officially be renamed “The Master Debaters.” The nerds had protested, but after Katie had spanked each and every one of them, the proposal passed unanimously. Katie had won the debate!

In Katie's dream, she relished the memory of Doofus #13's pimply, 4-eyed, brace-face as she crawled towards Katie the Bulky on her knees, begging to be spared a second spanking. "You should have thought of that before you opposed the name change!" guffawed Katie, as she roughly pulled the nerd over her lap and ripped off Doofus #13's skirt, revealing a scrawny little bottom that was just begging to be spanked. Under Katie's orders, the rest of the debate club had pulled out their phones to photograph and shoot video of the "debate," to be shared later on the debate club's social media accounts.

"Say, what's the name of that nerd on Math Club? The one Doofus #13 likes so much? Ah, whatever, let's just call him Nerd #23. I think he'd be interested in your recent 'debate performance.'"

"Nooo! Please don't show him! I don't want him to see me like this!" whined Doofus #13, before Katie pulled up Doofus #13's SpongeBob-SquarePants-themed panties by the waistband into a taut wedgie, and continued the spanking with renewed vigor. Usually, Doofus #13 wore a modest schoolgirl uniform with thigh-high socks. That night, Doofus #13 was forced to run home wearing nothing but her thigh-high socks.

As a consequence, Katie was forced to spend an entire day in a restorative justice session, sitting in a room with Doofus #13, so they could both discuss their feelings with a school guidance counselor. The next day, video circulated on social media of Doofus #13 hanging by her panties in the boy's locker room with a blueish-purple, bruised bottom, and a paper sign dangling around her neck that said, "Spank the Stool Pigeon!" No one at debate club ever complained about Katie the Bulky ever again, so the Headmaster concluded that the restorative justice session had worked wonders!

In her sleep, Katie licked her lips as she revisited all the times she'd spanked Doofus #13 that year. Alone among all the nerds at Katie's school, Doofus #13 had earned the honor of being given a second, cooler nickname: "Lil' Miss Spanky Pants!"

But something was different about this dream. In addition to the usual sort of scenes, (pantsing and photographing nerds' in their underpants, hanging nerds from the flagpole by their underpants, making nerds eat their underpants, etc), Katie the Bulky found she had become Professor Katie the Bulky. Dressed in her black robes, she delivered paddlings, strappings, and canings to students in her office. Outside her office, a queue of crying boys and girls awaited their turn, watching each student emerge from Professor Katie the Bulky's office bawling and blubbering with a bare, burning, blistered, bruised buttocks, beaten black and blue!

The beautiful dream went on and on, and when Katie awoke, she yawned and stretched. That had been the most refreshing nap she'd ever had! One day, after she'd become a multi-millionaire from streaming, she should buy a University, just so she could appoint herself Headmistress and make that dream a reality!

Katie rolled out of bed, and checked her clock. “Oh, Hell! I slept in!” With only a few minutes before her scheduled livestream, Katie quickly booted up her game and made a final check of her earpiece, mic, and software. Some anonymous viewer had already left a comment: “Come on, Bulkster, give us a show!”

“Fuck you!” typed Katie, her traditional polite greeting to her loyal fans. “I’ll give you a show when I’m good and ready.”

She clicked on a graphic to advertise the “Gamer Grrl Bubble Bath” reward for reaching 1000 concurrent viewers. Noticing that she was now over a minute late to start the stream, Katie considered going live immediately, but as she saw more eager comments pouring in, a devilish idea occurred to her. “Keep ‘em waiting! Nothing like building anticipation!”

Just for fun, she responded to each comment asking when the stream would start with a different rude response. As she finished typing a deliciously demeaning dig to one of her most loyal supporters, Katie the Bulky heard a rap-tap-tap at her door.

Mumma’s sweet voice called from behind the door. “Katie, dear, we have good news for you!”

Katie hovered her finger over the mouse, ready to click and go live as soon as her parents stopped pestering her. As she turned to face the door, Katie’s fat finger pressed against the mouse slightly harder than she meant to. Silently, the words “You Are Live!” popped onto her screen as she turned her head away and bellowed. “I told you guys, no noise when I’m livestreaming!”

Pappa chimed in. “This is very important, honey. We need to talk about your new school. We have some work to do this summer!”

Katie growled. “Not this again! I told you, I’m going to be a full-time content creator! Now, buzz off!”

Katie turned back toward her screen, but she missed the notification that her stream was now live. Instead, a comment caught her eye. “Are your parents there?”

Odd question, Katie thought. But she typed a quick response. “Yeah they’re here. They won’t stop pestering me. I’m gonna tell em to fuck off then start the livestream.”

Outside, Pappa cleared his throat, as if steeling himself. “Katie, we need you to pause your livestream and meet with us. We’re really happy you found a school you like, but we need to discuss some new household rules, to help you succeed there…”

Katie narrowed her eyes, and spun in her chair. She just missed the commenter's reply: “I can hear them! They sound so nice!”

“Are you still on about that gorky Heaven High? I already told you, I’d rather go to Hell!”

“We know!” answered Mumma, cheerfully.

Katie sighed. “Whatever…Come in, I guess!”

Mumma and Pappa let themselves in, stepping over empty bags of crisps and half-finished cans of energy drinks. Katie didn’t bother to stand up, but even seated, she was still at eye-level with both her parents. Mumma was holding a heavy duffel bag in one hand, and a bright red envelope in her other hand. Pappa surveyed the mess, then cleared his throat. “Katie, first I want to congratulate you on getting into the school of your choice, on a full ride scholarship!”

Barely containing her girlish excitement, Mumma pulled an official looking document out of the red envelope and held it up. “We’re so proud of you!”

Katie blinked, then examined the letter. “Wuh? I actually got accepted somewhere? I never expected that.”

She peered carefully at her own signature at the bottom of the page. “Weird, I don’t remember signing that? Must have slipped my mind.”

Pappa held out a hand to shake, but Katie ignored it, as she began to flip through the school brochure. To her delight, she found image after image of students being ruthlessly hazed. “Huh, this school looks pretty rad, I guess. What the heck! I’ll give it a shot! Anyway, I’ve got a livestream to start, so get out of my room.”

Pappa finally gave up and let his hand drop. “About that, we’ll actually need you to take a break from video games for a bit. We want you to get off to a good start at your new school, so there will have to be a few…lifestyle changes around here. We want you to be prepared for the rigors of the curriculum.”

With a groan, Katie leaned back in her gamer chair and spun around. She caught a quick glimpse of several new questions popping up in the comment section, and quickly typed, “Hold your horses!” without reading them. Then Katie turned back around to finish dealing with this annoying interruption to her schedule. “Fine. I gotta do some summer homework? I’ve got all summer! I’ll just get to it a few weeks before class starts!”

“It’s more a matter of mindset. You see, ever since you were little, your Mumma and I favored gentle parenting. But now that you’re starting at a school that uses the cane, we think we need to provide you with more…discipline and structure…from now on.”

At the mention of the cane, Katie inspected the brochure more closely. “This says they don’t have a bunch of stuffy, traditional rules. I can do whatever I want there.”

At a nudge from Mumma, Pappa pressed his point. “Yes, but the students and staff apparently use corporal punishment as a sort of…community-building exercise. Paddling, hazing, tests of endurance, that sort of thing. We want to make sure you’re ready to face that kind of treatment.”

Katie yawned. “I think I can handle anything those dorks can throw at me.”

“Yes, but we also want to encourage you to have more self-discipline…for our sake. Katie Bolker, we have never spanked you before, but your mother and I have decided to start spanking you.”

Katie sneered. “...What? Is this a joke?”

Mumma shook her head, beaming. “Today is the start of a new chapter in your life, with more responsibility and accountability. By the end of the summer, we plan to have you smartened up and ready for University!”

Teasingly, Katie lifted her plump rump and delivered a few swats to her own bottom. “So, you’re gonna spank me, to make sure I’m tough enough to ‘cane it’ at school? Tch! I can do that myself, without your help!”

Pappa nodded to Mumma, and she pulled another envelope from her duffel bag. “Katie, we want to start by talking about this credit card bill. You’ve made several purchases without our permission, and you bought this camera *after* we explicitly asked you not to use our credit card again.”

Katie snorted and pointed to her newest camera with her big toe. “I bought *two* cameras after that, not one, because I needed them! I do what I want!”

Pappa’s lip trembled. “Well, Katie, because you disobeyed us, we’ve decided to give you your first spanking today. If you are a good girl, we can have this sorry business over quickly. But if you are a bad girl, we’re prepared to use stricter methods of punishment, as recommended by the disciplinary program for your new school.”

Finally, Katie the Bulky stood up, towering over both her parents. She considered picking them both up by the scruff of their necks and throwing them out, but a devious idea occurred to her. “You know what? Go ahead! Do your worst!”

Pappa shook his head with a mix of relief and disbelief. “Really? You’ll obey my authority?”

He shuffled towards Katie’s bed, nearly tripping over the junk strewn across her floor, and seated himself on her mattress.

Katie scratched her butt cheek casually. “Sure I will. I’ll take whatever spanking you decide to give me!”

Then, she threw herself bodily onto her bed, landing across her Pappa's lap with a heavy "Whumph!"

Pappa's face turned purple as he had the wind knocked out of him. "Oof! ...Very well. I'm sorry to have to do this, Katie, but I'm going to give you a smacking. Be brave, and lie still, and it will all be over soon!"

With that, Mr. Bolker wrapped one arm across Katie's thickly muscled back, raised his other hand high, and brought it down sharply across the seat of her tight, thin shorts.

Katie felt the pop, and tensed her shoulders. To her delight, she heard her Pappa gasp in protest thanks to the sting to his own palm. Katie grinned to herself. She would wait this out, and when Pappa couldn't take anymore, she would stand up and return to her game without another word. Even a dullard like Pappa would see this was a pointless exercise!

Mumma settled herself in Katie's gamer chair and rested her duffel bag on her lap. "Go on, dear. It's just like a handshake. You've got to make a strong first impression!"

Katie scoffed, but before she could think of a cutting remark, she heard a soft buzz from her earbud. It was the notification alert that indicated she got a new subscriber. *"Nice!"* thought Katie.

Pappa's second swat took her by surprise. "Oop!" huffed Katie. Two alerts went off in her earpiece. *"Huh, people must be really eager for this livestream to start,"* she mused.

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Meanwhile, on the internet, Katie the Bulky's commenters were having a furious argument about whether or not this latest livestream was an elaborate prank. A few of her most loyal fans posted links to Katie's other livestream platforms, and username "#1BulkerStan" boasted that he screen recorded every single Katie the Bulky stream, just in case, and he'd never seen a stream this amazing!

Katie the Bulky had a total of 7 HD cameras in her bedroom, 6 of which were now active and recording. In addition to her face camera, which also provided a nice view of her short-clad caboose as the spanking progressed, her "Send Feet Pics" camera captured a low-angle view of her bed. Katie had two more cameras which she mostly used to capture footage when she played console games on her telly, or when she just felt like using her bed instead of her elite gamer chair. Her most loyal viewers had helped Katie's parents pay for these cameras, and had even suggested some of the artistic angles, so that Katie was always in view no matter where she was seated in the room. Another camera was situated on the ceiling to provide a birds-eye view of the room (as well as Katie's cleavage when she was at her desk), and a sixth, nicknamed the "Thigh Crusher" had been angled to show off her legs, whether she was seated

at her gamer chair, or on her bed. Usually, Katie used her streaming software to highlight her preferred angle, switching as needed to celebrate another victory or reward her donors. Subscribers who donated $10 or more could even pick a new camera angle, sometimes leading to bidding wars between those who preferred the camera to focus on Katie's ass or Katie's tits (and starting today, Katies' feet)!

The seventh camera (which Katie had also bought after her parents explicitly told her not to) was seated on her bedside table, awaiting the moment Katie would meet her 1000-concurrent-watcher goal. She had already set up a bluetooth connection so that, the moment the goal was reached, she could activate the camera, and have it become the new primary camera for the Twitch and YouTube streams. Her plan had been to walk to the bathroom with the camera to tease the very first "Gamer Girl Bubble Bath" stream (which of course, had its own two specially dedicated cameras). She'd also seen hilarious prank videos that involved accosting and threatening random people, only to announce, "It's just a prank, bro!" and she was dying to film similar content with the new handheld.

Since each of her cameras had been partially paid for by viewer donations, as a reward for reaching stretch goals, Katie had also used her parents' credit card to sign up for automatic cloud backup services. All the cameras streamed directly to backup folders in the cloud, which were only accessible to Katie herself…and a few of her patrons on Patreon. Furthermore, Katie simulcast the various camera angles to multiple streaming services, hoping to build her audience across platforms.

Amongst her loyal fans, it was universally acknowledged that Katie the Bulky had one of the most expensive and meticulous set-ups in gamer history!

Oblivious to all this, Mr. Bolker carried on delivering limp-wristed slaps to his gargantuan daughters' gigantic derriere.

Slowly, oh so slowly, he attempted to increase the tempo and intensity of the smacks.

And slowly, oh so slowly, users across the World Wide Web began to take notice.

A first-time viewer joined the livestream chat, with username "Lil' Miss Spanky Pants."

"Katie the Bulky? Is that you? It's me, Doofus #13! You remember me from secondary school?"

A few commenters welcomed the new viewer, asking her about her strange username and about her time with Katie at school. Doofus #13 typed a few answers before the live video feed caught her eye. "Huh? What kind of gaming stream is this?"

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Katie the Bulky grimaced as she felt her Pappa land another dozen swats. Initially, her only worry was that this would be boring, but she had to admit Pappa was putting his heart into this spanking. Setting her jaw, Katie determined to not let a sound escape her lips.

“Try to put more of your shoulder into it, Pappa,” suggested Mumma.

Pappa tried raising his arm high, and after landing the smack, was pleased to see ripples traveling through his daughter’s backside. “But I thought the phrase was supposed to be, ‘It’s all in the wrist’?”

Mumma nodded. “They do say that, but you should still use your shoulder. Then use your wrist to add a bit more pep to it at the end, like throwing a cricket ball!”

As Katie the Bulky felt her father put both his shoulder and his wrist into the next spank, she hummed, and twisted her feet across each other. She just had to hold out a little bit longer!

Pappa noticed Katie rubbing her feet together. Somehow, the sight of his daughter laying across his lap reminded him of the Minnie the Minx comics he used to read as a boy. Like Katie, Minnie the Minx was always getting into some sort of mischief, but the comics usually ended with Minnie going across the knee of a parent or teacher as the punchline.

Ever since Katie had thrown a temper tantrum in the supermarket at age two, and thus won an argument with him, he had never known what to do with her. Now, for the first time in his life, he felt he understood what it meant to be “Katie’s Father.” As he landed another slap with his full arm, he wondered why he’d never thought to try this before.

Katie clenched and unclenched her fists, digging her nails into the blanket of her messy, unmade bed. With an effort, she was sure she could still grit her teeth and endure her first spanking silently, but Katie was getting impatient. Sure, it’d be fun to show off by letting this go on, until Pappa lost the battle of wills, like he always did. But since Katie was sure she was going to win the battle of wills anyway, she decided she might as well win it right now!

“Ooch! Okay! Fine, you’ve made your point!” Katie hissed, as she forcefully lifted herself up off Pappa’s lap, easily jamming his wrist as he failed to hold her down. No longer caring about her initial plan to act cool, Katie massaged her warm behind furiously. To her relief, the sting was already starting to fade. Who cared if they knew the spanking hurt a bit? It wasn’t like she was going to let them ever do it again!

For a moment, Mr. Bulker rubbed his sore wrist, quailing under Katie the Bulky’s ferocious glare. He wondered if Katie was going to spank him! But Mumma shook her head. “Katie, this spanking is not over. You don’t get to just stand up and say it’s finished when you feel like it. Pappa told you to be a good girl, and this would be over quickly. But now, I’m afraid you’ve earned another spanking, thanks to your disobedience!”

Katie rolled her eyes, then turned to sit back in her gamer chair. Once she started gaming, she could turn up the volume and drown out this pointless interruption. “Sure! Go ahead and put me across your knee. I’d like to see you…try?”

On her desk, the acceptance letter caught her eye. The light from her desktop monitor seemed to illuminate the blood-red signature at the bottom of the page with an eerie glow. “I hereby agree to follow the Code of Conduct for Hell High. –Katie ‘The Bulky’ Bolker.”

With a brisk motion, Mumma unfastened the button and zipper of Katie’s shorts, and tugged them down to Katie’s knees, then spun Katie around to face her Pappa’s lap again, guiding her daughter forward with a gentle nudge. Katie felt the hairs on her unshaven legs stand on end as she lost her grip on the shorts. It was as though she was too weak to resist! Peeking behind her, Katie noticed that she was wearing one of her lucky pairs of gamer girl panties today. Stamped across her green-and-yellow cotton underpants were the words “I’m the Boss!” in colorful block letters. Below the slogan was a picture of King Bowser, the video game villain of Super Mario Brothers fame, and one of Katie the Bulky’s childhood idols.

Katie the Bulky started to protest, only to stumble and flop forward, right back on top of Pappa’s lap. The cotton fabric stretched dangerously as Katie’s curvy buns were bent taut across her father’s thigh. “Hey! What are you doing? We’re done with spanking today!” bellowed Katie, stupidly.

Furious, Katie pressed her hands into the mattress, straining her toned biceps to lift herself back up…but something was wrong. It was as though Pappa had gained the strength of ten men, without him even noticing it.

Katie heard the sound of a zipper, and twisted to see Mumma opening the duffel back and retrieving a red wooden hairbrush. As a novelty, the words “Keep Calm, and Carry On” were printed across the back in white letters. Mumma handed it to Pappa with an encouraging nod. “If at first you don’t succeed, try, try again, dear!”

“No, no, no!!!” roared Katie.

“Crack! Crack!! Crack!!!!” replied the wooden hairbrush.

“Ow, ow, ow!!!” answered Katie.

Seething, Katie twisted and strained, but to no avail. Before Katie could wrap her brain about the absurdity of her situation, she heard an angry buzzing building in her ear, matching the angry buzzing she felt building in her rear.

“More subscriber notifications? But I never get that many all at once?” she thought, before another spank took her mind off of her gaming career.

“Do you think this will make the proper impression? I really do feel sorry for poor Katie,” mused Pappa, as he continued to paddle his daughter without missing a beat.

“The hairbrush certainly seems to be working. At least, judging by Katie’s reaction to it. Hopefully, this will suffice, and we won’t have to use any of the advanced techniques from Hell High’s recommended list of disciplinary measures. Katie, are you ready to be a good girl?”

“Fuck you both!” screeched Katie, her voice unintentionally going shrill. She threw up both middle fingers, which always got her parents to shut up when they were being obnoxious.

“...Oh, dear. I’m so sorry, Katie,” Pappa answered meekly, as he patted Katie’s back and let her up.

Katie hissed as she felt her gamer girl underpants stretch and chafe across her tremendous, tingling tushie. “What the Hell? You damn well *better* be sorry, mother fucker!”

As Katie caught her breath, she felt her competitive gamer instincts activate. Her plan had worked! Of course, her parents knew they couldn’t push her around. She was bigger than both of them put together! Preparing to spank her Mumma and Pappa as revenge, Katie rolled up her sleeves, and pointed authoritatively toward her bed. She wouldn’t stop until she showed them both who was boss around here! “All right, that does it! Now it’s your turn for a real arse whipping! Both of you strip down and bend over. I’m going to spank both of you faggots, until you’re red and raw. Now, stick out your asses!”

But as Katie rounded on Mumma, the little woman lightly pinched her daughter’s face with one hand, squeezing Katie’s cheeks tight between her thumb and fingers. “Tut, tut, tut, Katie Bulke Bolker. We’ll have to cure you of that potty mouth!”

With that, Mumma pulled a cake of yellow soap out of the duffle bag, and held it up for Katie to examine. Knowing what to expect, Katie pursed her lips tight shut. But no matter how Katie pulled against her Mumma’s grasp, it was as if her face was caught in a vice. With a sigh, Mumma released her grip and pinched Katie tightly by the nose. Katie held her breath, unable to resist as Mumma gently lifted her nose towards the air, forcing Katie to tilt her head back. Katie could see the yellow soap out of the corner of her eye, and felt her face turning blue. With a gasp, Katie took a breath, only for Mumma to press the soap in place and release her hold on Katie’s nose. Katie practically inhaled the whole bar!

Her eyes stinging, Katie tried to spit out the soap bar, but it was fixed firmly to her tongue. *“What’s happening to me? I need to gag, but I can’t spit it out!”* thought Katie, tears of frustration blurring her vision.

Then, she heard church bells ringing outside. Turning to look, she saw the letter from Hell High fluttering softly on her desk, although the window was shut tight and there was no breeze. Her signature on the bottom of the page seemed to glow with a fiery inner light.

At long last, Katie finally saw what was on her desktop monitor. Dozens of comments were appearing on her livestream feed…

No, not dozens, scores of comments, flying up the screen with each passing second! The buzzing in her ear began to build to a steady rhythm. New subscribers were pouring in!

And there was her own stupefied face staring back at her from the screen. She was live!

Katie saw her legs trembling, her shorts tangled around her knees, her Bowser boxers fully visible in the camera view. As Katie turned to explain the situation to her mother, she felt soap suds drizzling down her tongue and choked.

As Mumma guided Katie towards her bed by the elbow, Pappa adjusted his seat so that he occupied one side of the bed on Katie's left. With an elegant spin on her heels, Mumma bent her giantess of a daughter over the bed with ease. Katie found herself trapped between her Pappa on her left side, and her Mumma to her right.

It was as if Katie the Bulky was no more than a toy doll, and Mumma planned to play house with Pappa by spanking her dolly. "Mmrrmph! Mpheew caaampht!" sputtered Katie the Bulky, as her parents each pinned one of her thighs in place between their own legs to pull Katie into a spread eagle position.

As their knees lifted Katie's hips up at a taut angle, she glanced back behind her left shoulder to spot the red light of the camera above her telly, and heard a notification in her earpiece alerting her that a livestream viewer had just made a donation. Twisting her head right, she saw the main camera switch to the camera that centered on her bed mattress, meaning her "I'm the Boss!" underpants were now front and center, stealing the show!

Mumma reached into the duffel bag again, and produced one of her Pappa's leather slippers. "Pappa? Be a dear and give me a turn with the wooden hairbrush. I have just the weapon for you, my knight in shining armor!"

Pappa beamed as he accepted the slipper. "An excellent suggestion. I don't know what I'd do without you, my better half!"

Katie tensed as she glimpsed what was happening on the screen out of the corner of her eye. She saw Pappa and Mamma stretch their arms, but thanks to the delay caused by the internet connection, they still managed to take her by surprise. No sooner did Katie spot them raising their implements high on the stream than the actual spanks landed in reality! Frothy soap suds flew from Katie's lips as she wailed, splattering against the wall in front of her face.

"Pappa, please explain the next step of the Hell High program to your daughter, while you have her attention!"

“Thank you for reminding me! Katie, we didn’t want to have to do this, but the guidelines make it clear that, in the event that ordinary forms of corporal punishment prove ineffective, the advanced techniques from the Hell High Disciplinary Program should be put into effect immediately. Since you say you want to go to Hell, your Mumma and I will do everything we can to help you, no matter what it takes! We’re going to *put you* through Hell, and that’s a promise!”

Her temper flaring, Katie tried to scream another f-bomb, only to swallow some soap bubbles by mistake. “Ffffuuuupph…kkguhg!!!””

Pappa answered as if she had politely asked him to explain these new rules to her. “Well, Katie, I think we’ll start by giving you what the book calls a ‘regularly-scheduled maintenance spanking’ on the first day of every month. According to Hell High, it should help remind you of your place in the household, and encourage you to submit to our authority. Do you think that would be enough to keep you in line?”

Katie struggled, and managed to wheeze out what was unmistakably supposed to be, “No, fuck you!” despite the bar of soap.

“Oh, dear. Then I suppose that we’ll have to give you a maintenance spanking once a week, on Sundays. Will that be enough?”

Katie beat her fists against the mattress, just like she’d done when she was two years old and Pappa wouldn’t buy her anything she wanted. That strategy had always worked in the past! Fighting past the soap bar, she tried to scream, “No! I’m going to fucking kill you!”

Pappa made out the word, “No,” and sighed with disappointment. He hated having to see his only daughter in such deep distress, but it seemed he had no choice. “Very well. In that case, we’ll need to give you a regularly-scheduled maintenance spanking once a day, each and every day. If you are a good little girl, it will be the only spanking you get that day. But we will also have to give you spankings for being a naughty little girl. From now on, disobedience, disrespect, and dishonesty all equal a spanking!”

Her face burning red, Katie the Bulky forgot all pretense of pride. “Mmmooooooh, thhhtooooppffth!!!” She clawed at the walls, looking for a handhold, and found none. Then she twisted her hips, looking for a foothold, and found none. Finally, she flailed her arms uselessly against her parents’ backs, and kicked up her feet to shield her bottom, only to find her legs pinned at the knees.

Pappa and Mamma each landed their second set of spanks together, then a third, and a fourth. The “I’m the Boss!” boxers started to ride up, giving Katie a wedgie that exposed the glistening, pink undercurves of her ass cheeks. After delivering ten sets of spanks in perfect synch, Pappa and Mumma fell into a new rhythm, each taking turns in a steady one-two-one-two pattern. It reminded them of their first romantic waltz together!

After two minutes of steady paddling, Katie had been reduced to a heaving, sobbing mess. The image of Bowser had disappeared, completely swallowed by Katie's butt crack as the wedgie rode higher and higher. The pink marks across her ass had deepened to the same cheerful shade of red as the "Keep Calm and Carry On" hairbrush.

Finally, the spanking stopped, and Katie found herself too weak to lift herself up. The acrid taste of soap assaulted every single one of her 10,000 taste buds, and she felt thick snot and soapy drool dribbling down the front of her face.

Then, to her surprise, she felt two comforting hands.

Pappa patted her shoulder. "There, there, Katie, your first spanking is all over."

Mumma rubbed circles across the small of her daughter's back. "We're sorry we had to do that!"

Desperately wanting to stand up, Katie felt her legs buckle under her, but Pappa gently guided her up and into his lap. Although she towered several feet over him, Katie was oddly reminded of her happy memories of sitting on his lap as a toddler, before she'd started to resent him for not buying her things. "Katie, we want you to know that we never want to spank you unless we need to. At Hell High, you can expect a spanking like just that at any time and for any reason. But here at home, we'll never punish you if you are being good! …Well, except for your daily maintenance spankings."

The meaning of the words didn't quite register, but Katie felt the warmth in her father's voice. She felt…safe, and loved! More than she could ever remember feeling in a long time. She tried to say, "I'll be good!" but all she could manage with the soap bar still in her mouth was, "Aw...bee…goo!"

Mumma kissed Katie lightly on the forehead. "Good girl! Today is a fresh start for you, Katie. We're leaving all the past behind us. We now realize that by spoiling you in the past, we both let you down. We won't make the same mistake ever again. From now on, we're going to raise you right, Katie Bulke Bolker, starting over from the beginning!"

Katie blinked. *"Raise me right? Starting over from the beginning?"* she thought.

As Pappa lightly lifted her up, Katie felt like a baby, safe in his arms, but something was wrong. This didn't make sense. Pappa *couldn't* pick her up! She wasn't a baby anymore!

Then, she finally connected the dots, all at once. The soap she couldn't spit out…her parents' unusual strength…the acceptance letter! Snapping her head up, Katie the Bulky reached for the letter, only to see it move further from her reach as Pappa carried her toward her bedroom door.

The words at the top of the page faded, and new burning letters took their place: “See you at Hell High next semester!”

“After your bath time, I’m putting you down for a nap,” cooed Mumma.

…

Fascinated by what she was watching, Lil’ Miss Spanky Pants, AKA Doofus #13, called to her boyfriend, Nerd #23. “Honey? Come see this. Do you remember Katie the Bulky?”

“That psycho who tortured you all through secondary school? What about her?”

“I think she was doing a livestream and forgot to turn it off. Now her parents are giving her a spanking.”

“Serves her right. Why are you watching her? She was horrible to you!”

Doofus #13 blushed at the memory of her humiliation. “Well, yes, but if she hadn’t sent you that video of me…losing to her in debate club, would you have ever known I wanted you to ask me out?”

Nerd #23 shrugged. “I’d been wanting to ask you out for months before she sent me those videos. Besides, it’s probably just a publicity stunt. I bet she has a composition notebook stuffed down her pants or something.”

“I dunno, it sure looked real.”

“Well, why don’t you let me take you out to lunch to take your mind off her? No sense rewarding someone like Katie the Bulky with clicks and views!”

Doofus #13 beamed, happy to have found someone who loved her for who she was. “Ok, sweetie! I’ll let you take me out!”

But before she could close the stream, Doofus #13 saw the bar indicating how close Katie the Bulky was to reaching 1000 concurrent viewers, and remembered the private Facebook group dedicated to helping victims of bullying. Half of the members were former victims of Katie the Bulky. After making a furtive glance to make sure she wasn’t being observed, Doofus #13 copied the link to the stream and shared it in a post for the Facebook group.

“Trigger warning: Katie the Bulky. Hey all, I know a lot of us had a hard time in school thanks to Katie the Bulky, but I thought this would interest most of you. Looks like Katie’s finally turning over a new leaf!”

With a deep sigh of contentment, Doofus #13 wrote a final comment. “Hey, Katie! Just wanted to let you know, I’ve forgiven you for everything that happened in secondary school! Nerd #23 and I are together now, and it’s all thanks to you! Good luck with whatever’s in store for you in life!”

After hearing Nerd #23 called her name, Doofus #13 minimized the window showing the livestream, and went to get dressed for a night out with the boy of her dreams!

End of Chapter 1

Chapter 2: Gamer Grrl Bathtime

“Ding!” went a notification from Katie’s livestream. Katie heard a stock sound effect of trumpets and children cheering as she reached 1000 concurrent viewers. She could make out a new camera angle being featured on the livestream: the Gamer Girl Bubble Bath camera had activated!

“What was that sound?” asked Pappa.

Mumma looked at the gaming set up with confusion, not sure what was what. “I think it was Katie’s Game Boy thing?”

Pappa’s eyes went wide. “Oh! That reminds me, Katie has lost her gaming privileges. It will take a few weeks, at least, to guide her through the new program, but until then, no screen time!”

As Pappa gently handed Katie off to Mumma, Katie tried to dive toward her desktop and shut down the livestream, only for Mumma to bounce her in her arms and rest her against her shoulder as if Katie was still a baby. Mumma planted a playful swat on Katie’s rump. “So fussy! I don’t think Katie wants you to play with her toys, Pappa.”

Pappa nodded, as he minimized the livestream window without closing it. He still wasn’t sure what a gaming livestream was, but whatever it was, he figured it would still be there for Katie once they’d helped her complete the preparatory punishment program for Hell High. “Don’t worry, Katie, I won’t mess with any of your video games. I’ll just install parental controls on this desktop, until you’re ready to have computer time again.”

Mumma pecked Katie on the cheek, then wrinkled her nose. “And I’ll get you dressed for naptime…after your bubble bath! Phew! You’re a stinky baby! Yes you are! Pappa, would you be a dear and bring up Katie’s old crib for the nursery? I think it’s in the garage.”

With a choked wail, Katie the Bulky scrambled to free herself from her Mumma’s grasp, only to feel Mumma land a stern swat across Katie’s exposed ass cheeks as a warning shot. “No more fussing! If you misbehave during your bath, I’ll pull you out of the tub and spank you, and you won’t like that one bit! A spanking across a dripping, soaking wet little bum-bum stings like mad!”

But Katie didn’t listen. As Mumma drew the bath and began to unceremoniously undress Katie, the once proud dommy-mommy gamer-girl girl boss, spluttered, stammered, and stuttered to no avail. Unaware of the two hidden cameras, Mumma patiently explained that it was no use putting off bath time. Katie the Bulky tried to cover her nudity with her huge, powerful hands, but any time she covered one part, she’d remember another that was left uncovered. Nudity could result in an instant ban from YouTube and Twitch! As she felt Mumma tug down her underpants, Katie seized her opportunity, leaping up and free of the pants and towards the bathroom counter. If she could just get her hands on the cameras, she could manually shut them off!

“Oh, that does it!” growled Mumma, as she snatched Katie around the waist, before sitting on the toilet and guiding the howling gamer girl across her lap. Katie kicked wildly, and sent the toilet paper dispenser flying into the air as she knocked it loose. The toilet paper itself came spiraling back to earth, bouncing off Katie’s right butt cheek an instant before Mumma’s palm clapped across Katie’s left butt cheek. Katie bucked and bawled fresh tears as Mumma delivered ten crisp spanks. Digging her fingers into her hair, Katie prepared to endure another long, hard spanking. But mercifully, Mumma paused. “Are you going to be a good girl for bath time, or do you need a spanking from the bath brush?”

Glancing up at the long-handled bath brush, which Katie had used thousands of times without thinking about it once, she suddenly saw it in a new light. Now, it looked like a wicked, mean spanking implement. Shaking her head, Katie blubbered apologies through her soap bar, folding her hands like an angelic cherub in prayer. Mumma nodded, then put her finger in the tub to make sure it was just the right temperature. “Good girl! Now, into the tub with you! I’ve got pink, scrubby bubbles to make it fun for you!”

Katie hacked up soapy spittle, desperately wanting to spit out the soap bar and explain the situation to her mother. Then Kaie froze in fear. Did she even want to admit to Mumma that she’d set up cameras in the bathroom? What if that was another spankable offense?

Knowing that both HD cameras were trained on her, Katie stood up and faced the bathtub, trembling.

There was no way one of the cameras hadn’t captured a glimpse of something or other. With a flash of inspiration, she realized that if she fully exposed herself, she might be able to force YouTube and Twitch to shut down the live streams right away. But that would be the end of her career as a pro-gamer! And who knew if it would even work? And even if it did work, it wouldn’t affect any of the concurrent streams to the uncensored platforms!

Was it better to wait until after her bath and shut down the stream manually? Would her loyal audience believe this had all been an elaborate prank? Terrified, Katie realized that she didn’t know what was worse.

Mumma clicked her tongue twice, while giving her daughter two quick love taps across her bright red butt cheeks, in sync. “Tut, tut, Katie. Into the tub with you.”

With a glimpse at the bath brush, Katie made her decision. At the moment, the prospect of a bathbrush spanking drove all other worries far from her mind.

Carefully, Katie the Bulky climbed into the tub and settled herself into the warm water. The temperature was perfect, and Mumma had already put in fizzy, pink bubble bath pills that dyed the water to a cheerful shade of hot pink. Mumma used a luffa to gently apply warm water to

Katie's back, then examined the tub. "Good girl! Now, where did I put the soap bar? Oh, of course, silly me!"

With a pop, Mumma whisked the soap out of Katie's mouth. Retching, Katie spat up as much of the remaining soap as she could. Suddenly, she remembered she could speak again. "The…the cameras!"

Clucking her tongue, Mumma applied shampoo to Katie's hair. "Tsk, tsk! Are you still feeling guilty about buying those toys without asking permission? Don't worry, we've already spanked you for that! Now, close your eyes, so you don't get shampoo in your eyes!"

But Katie's eyes went wide as she pointed to the two cameras, one hidden discreetly in the medicine cabinet, the other directly above her connected to the shower attachment. Then Katie remembered that her parents hadn't approved of her doing this, and thrust her hands into the water to clutch her bottom, wondering if this would be deemed an offense worthy of another spanking. "No! You've gotta' turn off–-I mean, lemme' do it! I want to wash myself! You can get out now!"

But as Katie threw back her head, two dollops of shampoo drizzled down and into her open eyes. The world vanished into blackness and dancing lights as Katie pressed her eyelids shut, far too late. "Waaaah! It's stingy!"

Quickly, Mumma turned on the shower, and pulled down the attachment to help wash away the shampoo. "Oh no! Poor baby! I *did* warn you to shut your eyes, and now you know why. But don't worry. We'll wash it right out!"

Shaking her head, Katie blinked back tears and started splashing, slapping the surface of the water in her frustration. If Katie were King Xerxes I, she probably would have also ordered the Persian troops to flog the waters of the Hellespont sea while she was at it.

Mumma shielded herself from the flying torrents of water. "Katie Bulke Bolker! You stop that splashing at once!"

"No! I don't wanna!" squealed Katie, as she kicked up a tidal wave. But as her aching buttocks pressed against the porcelain surface of the tub, Katie squeaked, then scrambled up and over the edge of the tub.

"Careful, Katie! The tub is slippery!" cried Mumma.

"No! *Listen* to me!" bawled Katie, as she refused to listen to her mother. "Get out! I need to–" Katie felt her feet slip on the bottom of the tub and she barreled forward.

Fortunately for Katie, Mumma caught Katie around the waist before she could hurt herself.

Not so fortunately for Katie, Mumma then bent Katie across the edge of the bathtub, and began to spank Katie's dripping wet buttocks with her free left hand. "Miss Katie Bulke Bolker! This behavior is unacceptable. You could have broken your neck. I can't bear the thought of you being hurt…so I'll just have to spank you again!"

Thanks to the primary camera, the viewers on YouTube and Twitch had a perfect view of Katie's horrified face and back, as well as a glimpse of the very top of her bottom, poised high in the air. A few of her loyal Patreon supporters clicked open a new tab, and found the links to Katie's secret "spicy" accounts, where the shower camera captured a full moon shot. Droplets of water flew aesthetically as Mumma landed each firm clap.

As her gamer rage rose, Katie the Bulky forgot everything she'd learned from her previous spanking session. "Ow! Will you just shut your mouth and–Ouch! Oh, fuck! …*Listen* to me, you–Ooo! Oooch! You stupid cun–"

Before Katie could finish uttering her final obscenity, Mumma pressed the soap bar back in place. "Bite down, Katie, if you drop the soap, you'll get another spanking!"

Katie felt an invisible force start to press the bar of soap down against her tongue, and quickly spat it out. Choking with rage, Katie stood to her full height, bubbly water cascading in rivulets down her toned muscles. Her 6-pack abs glistened, her calves and thighs shone, and her eyes flared as she stretched her beefy hands towards her mother. "No! The only one getting a spanking today is you! Let's see how you like it! I'm gonna tan your hide!"

Looking up at her giantess of a daughter, Mumma smiled, "Don't be silly, baby. You can't spank me! I'm your Mumma!"

Katie's hands froze, trembling an inch from Mumma's throat. It was as though Mumma's words were a magic spell. "You…you can't spank me!" Katie whimpered, hoping that speaking the magic words would make it a reality.

Mumma shook her head. "Of course I can spank you, Katie. After all, I'm your Mumma! But I'm not going to fight you. I'm not afraid to haul you over my knee if I have to, but I expect you to listen and obey, especially during bath time. Now, I've got to give you some extra spankies, but if you promise to be a good girl, I promise it will all be over soon!"

Consciously, Katie recognized that some Hellish force must be at work. She didn't want to obey! She wanted to spank her mother! But she also didn't want another spanking, and what Katie wanted didn't matter any more.

Her knees knocking, Katie's hands flew to cover her bottom. Her eyes still smarting from the shampoo, Katie the Bulky felt two budding tears clinging heavily to her lower eyelids. "P-please, no spankies, Mumma!"

Mumma gently grasped Katie's massive hands and pulled them forward, carefully guiding Katie back into position. "But you *need* a spanking, Katie Bulke Bolker. Now, be a good girl and lie on your tummy across the edge of the bathtub, just like before. Bottoms up!"

Katie felt her body obey, even as her mind screamed to disobey. The two tears finally succumbed to gravity and spilled down her cheeks. Her eyes still stang.

Mumma patted Katie's bottom a few times experimentally, then scooped up the wooden bath brush.

Katie felt a soft whimper escape her lips. "Nooooo! Not the bath brush!"

"Yes, Katie, the bath brush, but don't worry, I won't use it quite yet. Not until we finish your first spanking!"

Katie felt a chill as the last droplets of warm water drizzled down her face to the towel lying on the floor below her. "...First spanking?"

Not waiting to explain, Mumma delivered ten crisp swats to Katies' trembling, wet rump with her left hand. "There! That's for splashing in the tub! And this…" Mumma delivered another ten spanks, before adding, "is for trying to get out of the tub before bath time was over. And *this*, is for standing up during your first spanking…"

Another ten spanks. Desperately wanting to hang tough, Katie mewed and flailed her feet in the tub water. She felt a splash of water against her ass, before Mumma landed two crisp spanks as a warning shot. "No kicking in the tub!"

Katie tensed and held down her feet, terrified of earning more punishment for more splashing. Sure enough, Mumma delivered eight more swats to complete another set of ten. "Fuuuuck!" seethed Katie.

"Oh! That reminds me! This is for using naughty swear words!" Mumma scooped up the soap bar and set it down in front of Katie's face, then delivered ten more spanks. Katie controlled her urge to buck, but also felt the bathwater ripple against her lower buttocks, the waves dangerously close to spilling over the edge of the tub.

Lowering her head to the towel on the floor, Katie whimpered. "Ooowieee!"

Mumma patted Katie's bum encouragingly. "There! Now that I've punished you for your little misdeeds, we can discuss your *second* spanking!"

Katie hunched her shoulders, finally remembering the bathbrush in front of her face. "But you said I wouldn't get another spankin' if I was a good girl! I'm being good!"

Mumma sighed, patting Katie on the back. “No, Katie, I said if you obeyed, it would all be over soon. But I have to give you a second spanking to make sure you never, ever misbehave during bath time again. You put yourself in serious danger because of your disobedience! That alone merits a good, hard paddling with the bath brush. But first…”

Mumma reached across Katie’s back for the shower attachment, turned the hot water on, and ran it carefully over Katie’s upturned hindquarters. “I’m going to make sure your booty is freshly soaked and dripping wet. That’s the only way to get a real bathtime spanking!”

Katie opened her mouth to argue, but trailed off as she felt the warm, soothing water. “Buh…but?”

Mumma waited until she saw billowing steam started to rise from Katie’s skin, then shut off the shower. Katie’s head sank to the soft, fuzzy towel on the floor, and she pressed her lip against it, enjoying the sensation. “Mmmm!”

Then Mumma delivered the first blow with the bath brush across Katie’s left butt cheek, raising a red-purple mark over the already scorched-red flesh. Katie the Bulky did not enjoy that sensation one bit!

“Yeeeoooowww!!” she howled, reflexively pressing her legs and stomach tight against the edge of the bathtub, which only thrust her hip up even higher, before the second blow landed across her right butt cheek, raising a matching oval-shaped welt.

“Hoooowah!!!” Feeling dizzy, Katie fought for air, the lingering sensation of the first welt fighting with the fresh pain of the second smack.

Satisfied that Katie was ready to be a good little girl, or at least make an effort, Mumma silently raised the bath brush, knowing this to be her solemn, maternal duty, and determined to make this final lesson worse than all the previous spankings combined. She just loved Katie so much!

The intensity of the first two smacks tempted Katie to flee again, while the fear of earning yet another spanking held her in place. The water sloshed in the tub, and a few droplets spilled over the edge. “P-please, Mumma! That’s enough! I w-won’t do it again! I p-pwomise!”

But Mumma only reached into the tub and pulled out the cork. Katie felt lukewarm water tickling her skin as it slowly drained away. The soft sound of the drain contrasted with the next explosive crack of the bath brush, and Katie’s equally explosive scream.

After two more smacks, Katie’s voice cracked, and her shouts became less like the war cry of a brave Amazon warrior, and more like the broken wails of a frightened little girl.

Katie felt fresh tears building in her eyes, and made a final effort to hide her screams, pressing her lips together. Mumma delivered five more smacks, bringing the total to ten, just as the water

level lowered to Katie's calves. Katie tried to swallow her final squeal, but pressing her lips together only muffled it slightly.

Remembering that her Mumma always spanked in sets of ten, Katie finally allowed herself to take a shuddering breath. Then Mumma landed an eleventh swat. Katie yipped like a puppy. "Awah?"

Just as Katie began to rationally process the spanking was not over, the twelfth spank landed, and her plea for mercy trailed off into a shrieking and wheezing. "No more, Mummaaaaaa! Waaaahaaaaw! Hee! Hoo!"

After landing the thirteenth spank, Mumma slowly increased the tempo of the swats, so that by the end Katie was reduced to a bawling, quivering mess. The 20th spank landed just as the last drop of bathwater spiraled down the drain with a gurgle and a hiss, nicely matching Katie's snivels and groans.

Trembling, Katie lay defeated, unable to mentally process anything other than the fact that she was being spanked. All thoughts of the livestream were long gone. Mumma gently lifted Katie's head from the floor. Dimly, Katie felt the soap bar press against her lips, and obediently opened her mouth to accept it, grimacing and whimpering as the bitter taste assaulted her tongue. Mumma helped her sit back in the tub, and Katie flinched as her now practically purple posterior touched the cool surface of the tub, and put her weight on her hands and feet.

Mumma turned on the water for the showerhead again and began to rinse Katie's hair. "There, there, baby. Let's get the rest of that shampoo rinsed out."

As the continual stinging sensation in her eyes took her mind off the continual stinging sensation in her buttocks, Katie was tempted to pull away and thrust her head under the faucet to wash out the shampoo herself.

As she gingerly tried to sit down, Katie was sure her lower bottom was bruised. The sting faded to a numb ache, but every time she tried to rest her full weight on her seat, she felt a prick like a needle deep in her glutes. But the memory of the spanking kept her seated. As long as her butt was pressed against the surface of the tub, Mumma couldn't spank it after all.

And as the warm water drizzled over her, Katie arched back her head and allowed her Mumma to soothe her. With the tub drained, Katie felt cool, except for the few spots where the warm water splashed her cheerfully. Katie barely noticed as Mumma pulled the soap bar free, and guided her chin up. "Spit," Mumma ordered. Katie obeyed, hacking on the thick film of soap that coated her entire mouth. Even after she gargled on the warm water, the taste still lingered. But Katie finally felt relief.

Mumma turned off the shower head, and seated herself on the toilet, patting her lap playfully. “There, isn’t that much better? Now, I just have to give you your reminder spanking. Then your bathtime is all done!”

Katie’s whole body tensed, her blood running cold. “Ruh-Reminder spanking? What’s that for?”

Mumma sighed, as if her precocious daughter had asked an adorably simple question. “To remind you not to misbehave next time I give you a bath, of course! What else would a reminder spanking be?”

Kate coughed up more of the thick, soapy phlegm. “But…*Gahg-hfft* …But you *already* spanked me for that!”

“Of course. That was your *punishment* spanking. That was to *punish* you for being naughty. But a *reminder* spanking is quite different. It’s to *remind* you to do better next time.”

Her mind clearing, Katie felt her temper rise, the fiery heat that gripped her bottom countering the icy chill that gripped her heart. “But you said it’d all be over soon! You eff–” Katie coughed on soap just before she could call her Mumma an “effing liar!” On second thought, Katie decided to avoid using foul language to make her argument. “Kaff! I mean, you *explained* that if I was good, I wouldn’t get another spanking, right? Isn’t that the whole reason I’m supposed to obey?”

Mumma shook her head. “No, Katie, dear. You misunderstood. In the first place, it’s *not* enough to obey just to avoid a spanking. You should obey because you want to be a good girl. And I know you do, don’t you?”

Katie felt her fists ball up, but before she could flip her mother the bird with both fingers, the tingling prickle in her buttocks flared up, matching the pang of her conscience. Although she never liked to admit it, even to herself, a part of Katie had always hoped that someone would stand up to her, sooner or later. Katie lacked the self-awareness to put her private hopes into words, but for some reason, bullying pathetic loners and simps on the internet wasn’t always as fun as she’d thought it would be.

Taking Katie’s silence to mean yes, Mumma patted Katie on the head. “Of course you do! I see it written all over your face, as plain as day! You’re not a bad girl. You just need a little reminder to help you back onto the right path. Now, in the second place, if you re-read the *Code of Conduct* for students of Hell High, and the *Disciplinary Manual*, you’ll see that a ‘punishment spanking’ and a ‘reminder spanking’ are completely different tools of instruction. I’m sure you recall chapters six through nine, summarizing the various types and applications of spanking. Just because they both involve ‘paddy whacking,’ that doesn’t mean they’re even remotely the same thing!”

Katie paled at the mention of the *Disciplinary Manual*, which she guessed must be the book she had flipped through. Mumma was under the impression she had read it carefully before signing

the acceptance letter. But in horror, Katie realized that not only had she not read any such material, she wasn't even sure she had signed that letter. *"It must be because I said I'd rather go to Hell! No, it can't be that simple, can it?"* she thought. She tried to pry her mouth open to plea for help, but it was as if a hellish fire was already tickling her from below.

If her butt could talk, Katie was sure it would have said, *"Never let your mouth sign a check your ass can't cash, sweet cheeks."*

Mumma patted her lap again, even more insistently, oblivious to her daughter's inner turmoil over the state of her immortal soul (and of her mortal ass). "Well, Katie. You signed the *Code of Conduct* form for Hell High, so you know what's next. Are you ready for your reminder spanking?"

Katie's lip trembled. "Is…is this my last spanking?"

Mumma giggled. "Of course not, silly. But it is your last spanking for your bathtime…for today." Before Katie could protest, Mumma started counting on her fingers. "Let's see, there's also going to be your bedtime spankings, which Papa will be giving you before we tuck you in tonight. And another reminder spanking at bathtime, every bathtime, for a week."

Katie's eyes widened in terror, but Mumma assumed this only meant her daughter was intent on listening. Pleased to see Katie paying attention, Mumma hummed as she tried to recollect everything from her initial study of the discipline manual. "Hmm, I can't recall if I'm supposed to give you your reminder spanking before or after bath time. Maybe it's both? I'll have to check. But either way, so long as you're a good girl and don't misbehave in bath time for an entire week, that will be the end of it!"

Katie's mouth hung open, before she found her tongue. "Wuh-what happens if I disobey?"

Mumma's smile vanished. "Then I'd have to give you *another* punishment spanking for disobeying, as well as *another* reminder spanking to teach you not to disobey. Then I'd have to tell your Pappa to give you *another* bedtime spanking tonight. Of course, I'd have to repeat the reminder spankings to remind you to obey every time I give you your reminder spankings to remind you to not splash in the tub. But I really don't want to do that. I hate having to spank you, Katie. It hurts me more than it hurts you. So if you don't want that, come and sit on Mummy's lap. Quit stalling."

Katie felt her butt cheeks clench and her anus pucker. That meant that any minor act of misbehavior would earn her *at least* three spankings, and she didn't even know what was on the list of spankable offenses from the *Code of Conduct*. Worse, every act of defiance and disobedience would exponentially increase the number of spankings. Katie had done poorly in maths, but even she could work out that this could quickly spell doom for her ability to ever sit comfortably again. "Yes, Mumma, I'll obey!"

Katie shot to her feet, before remembering the cameras and covering herself furtively, before remembering that if she got out of the tub too quickly, she might be spanked for being careless in the tub, before remembering that if she got out of the tub too slowly, she might be spanked for being slow to obey. In the end, she forgot the cameras entirely.

Just as Katie lifted her last foot out of the tub, her Mumma held up a hand. “Hold on, where did I set that bath brush?”

Katie’s hair stood on end as she spotted the bath brush on the hook by the tub, right where Mumma had left it. Before Katie had been introduced to the wonderful world of spanking, she’d often said that Mumma would “forget her fookin’ head” if it weren’t attached to her shoulders. Part of her hoped that Mumma would never find the terrible brush, but Katie saw her trembling finger move of its own accord. “It’s right there, Mummy.”

Mumma beamed. “Oh, good gracious, of course I left it right there. Silly me! Sometimes I think I’d forget my own head if it weren’t attached to my shoulders. Thank you for reminding me, Kate. It must have been hard, knowing full well that I’m going to use that bath brush to blister your behind, again, especially when it’s already so red and raw! You see? A good spanking was all you needed to encourage you to be a sweet, compliant little girl. I always knew you were a good girl…deep down!”

Katie the Bulky’s backside certainly did feel good and spanked at the moment, but Katie wasn’t interested in being a good girl quite yet. At the moment, Katie was vividly imagining how she wanted to grab her mother by the arm, haul her over her lap, and spank her black and blue, then and there. But the hellish letters of the code of conduct seemed to burn into Katie’s mind. Afraid that she might cuss her Mumma out if she opened her mouth, Katie chose to grunt and nod instead. “Mmm-hmm.”

Mumma tilted her head like a puppy. “Such a brave girl! Be a dear, and fetch the bath brush for me.”

Fuming, Katie snatched the bath brush off the hook and roughly held it out. “Just get it over with!”

But Mumma only held up a hand and closed her daughter’s hands around the long handle. “No no, silly! The whole point of a reminder spanking is for us to discuss your behavior and help you consider what you’ve done wrong in the past, and how you’ll do better in the future. Not unless you want an extra punishment spanking, *before* your reminder spanking?”

Katie gripped the brush, stiffening to attention like an army recruit. “No! No more spanking…please?”

Mumma giggled. “Well, I’m afraid there will be more spanking, and lots of it, in your future, but I can spare your bottom one extra spanking today, more or less. Now, let’s see if I can remember

the handy-dandy tips for administering a reminder spanking…Ah, yes! Before we begin, Katie, I want you to hold the brush in front of you."

Perplexed, Katie held the brush up, gripping it like a cave woman's club, but Mumma shook her head. "Not like that. More ladylike. Like so."

Mumma held her hands palm up to demonstrate, and Katie falteringly imitated the gesture. The bath brush felt light in her hands. Katie's keister twitched at the memory of her most recent spanking.

Mumma nodded, as if she was agreeing with Katie's silent thought. "That's right! That's the polite way to offer up a spanking implement to your disciplinarian. Think of yourself as a princess, granting a magical sword to your Prince Charming. Only instead of asking him to smack around a terrible dragon, he'll be smacking your botty. Next, take a good, long look at that bath brush. Feel its weight in your hands…Go on!"

As Katie glanced down at the brush, it suddenly seemed heavier in her hands, and she connected it with the blinding, hefty whacks she'd felt only moments ago.

Mumma waved her hand, as if she were only inviting Katie to offer her thoughts on the craftsmanship of the wooden brush. "Do you remember how the same weight of that brush felt, when it came crashing down across your naughty little bottom?"

In her fury, Katie wanted to roar, *"Of course I fookin' remember! What else do you expect?"* but she chose instead to say, "Yeah?"

Mumma smiled like a cat. "I'll bet you do! Next, let's discuss *what* you did wrong."

Katie rolled her eyes. What a stupid question. "I splashed in the tub, and then I tried to get out of the tub, and then I stood up during my first spanking."

Mumma nodded. "And do you *like* being spanked, young lady?"

Katie trembled as the brush seemed to become unbearably heavy in her hands. She knew exactly what was coming, and knew there was nothing she could do to stop it. She knew her ass was screaming in protest from the last spanking, and she knew that this horrible, awful thing in her hands was going to hurt her even more. She knew she could snap this evil bath brush in two with her bare hands, but she also knew doing so would only make everything worse. Katie didn't know it, but for the first time in her life, she was feeling exactly like her victims had felt during her career as a bully. Tears sprang to her eyes. Katie wasn't sorry for being a bully all those years, but at the moment she was certainly sorry for herself. "...No?"

Mumma crossed her arms. "Then why did you do it, Katie?"

Katie hung her head. “I dunno…”

“Think on it, Katie. Do you remember what you said to me, when you stood up in the tub?”

Katie steadied her shaking hands, not wanting to find out what would happen if she dropped the brush. She most certainly remembered her threat to spank Mumma, because Katie still wanted to spank her Mumma even now. “I…I don’t…”

Scowling, Mumma cocked her head. “No fibbing, little missy! Unless you want another spanking, before we start this conversation all over again from the beginning, tell the truth.”

Katie scrunched up her face, two tears spilling down her cheeks. “I said…I said I wanted to give you a spanking, Mummy!”

Mumma shook her head. “That’s right. But you see, Katie, you *can’t* spank me, no matter how much you may *want* to spank me. I’m your Mumma. And because I’m your Mumma, no matter how much I *don’t want* to spank you, I’m afraid I *have* to spank you.”

Katie’s tears spilled freely, her nose starting to run as she fought for breath. “Oh, please don’t spank me, Mama! Puh-leeze!”

Using her left hand, Mumma reached behind her daughter and planted a quick love-tap on Katie’s right butt cheek, just firm enough to send it jiggling and bouncing. “None of that. I’ll be giving you reason to cry soon enough. Now, Katie, I’m afraid that attitude is *why* you’re in so much trouble right now. Yes, you misbehaved in the tub, which is *what* you did to earn a spanking. But *why* you did what you did is a far more serious matter. When I spank you, I want you to remember your silly little threat to spank me. I want you to remember that the reason why you wanted to spank me is precisely the reason why I have to spank you. To *remind* you who is boss around here.”

Sniffling through her stuffed nose, Katie alternatively nodded and shook her head. “I know who’s the boss! You’re the boss! You don’t have to spank–”

“No. Do not interrupt.”

Katie shut her mouth with a snap. Her only hope was to obey. If only she was perfectly obedient, Mumma would see that she was a good girl now, and maybe, just maybe, Mumma would decide she didn’t need another spanking after all. Mumma let the silence hang, and when she was sure her daughter was listening, continued cheerfully. “Finally, Katie, we have to discuss what would be a fair punishment for your actions. As I’m sure you recall, unlike a punishment spanking, which usually involves a set number of strokes depending on the severity of the crime, a reminder spanking can be much shorter, or much longer, at the discretion of the disciplinarian.”

Katie nodded along, as if she knew exactly what Mumma was talking about.

Mumma began to count on her fingers. “For example, I could give you a longer spanking, using just my hand, and spare you the bath brush. Or, I could spare you the hand spanking, and give you a shorter spanking with just the bath brush.”

Katie’s mind raced for a route of escape. “Aren’t there any other options?”

Mumma’s eyes widened, then she recounted her fingers. “Of course! I forgot the third option. For a reminder spanking, the three choices are just the hand, or just the implement, or you can choose neither. Instead–”

“Neither!” hollered Katie. She was sure it was something like writing lines, or doing extra chores. Katie didn’t care what it was, so long as she could escape this terrible, horrible, no-good, very bad bubble bath.

Mumma caught her breath. “Katie? Are you sure? If I were you, I’d go for the hand spanking, but–”

Katie bounced up and down on her heels. The steam from the bath had fogged up the mirror, and she felt like she was trapped in a sauna, but as she broke out in a cold sweat, she saw her escape. “Option three!”

Mumma smiled. “I’m so proud of you, Katie. You could have chosen a quick spanking as the easy way out, but clearly you’re ready to accept responsibility for your actions.”

Katie nodded, but just as she was about to throw aside the terrible brush, she found she couldn’t. Even though her arms ached from the strain of holding the brush steady, it was as though her palms were glued to the handle of the brush, and the brush was suspended immovably in mid-air. She thought she saw hellish tongues of flame engulfing the brush, and was sure they were burning her hands. As the instinct to pull away from the fire surged through her, Katie tried to suck down a breath, only to find her stuffy nose clogged shut.

Oblivious to her daughter’s dilemma, Mumma held out her hand to accept the brush. “In that case, I’ll be giving you a long hand spanking, and an even longer paddling with the bath brush, every bath time. That will act as your reminder to behave while you’re sitting in the tub. Now, Katie, hand me the brush.”

As Katie understood what was happening to her, she expected the hellish power of the bath brush to activate, forcing her to hand over the brush and accept her spanking meekly. But as the flames surrounding the brush seemed to melt the skin of her palms, Katie realized it didn’t work that way. The brush wasn’t going to force her to do anything. There was no other choice to make, but she still had to choose, freely, to accept the spanking. As she silently screamed *“No!”* in her mind, Katie gently placed the brush into her Mumma’s open palm.

Mumma bounced the bath brush playfully in her palm, looking at Katie expectantly. As the silence grew awkward, Mumma raised an eyebrow and set the bath brush aside, within easy reach on the sink. “Katie, remember your manners. What do you say, when it’s time for a reminder spanking?”

“Um…what?”

“Don’t you remember? The chapter on reminder spankings discusses the polite way to ask for your punishment. You did read it, didn’t you?”

“Uh huh!” Katie lied, reflexively. The moment she lied, she felt the dull ache in her bruised buttocks disappear, replaced by an unnaturally hot prickle. “Ooh! But…could you refresh my memory?”

Mumma folded her hands, with mock seriousness. “Very well, but make sure you practice. Not showing proper gratitude during a reminder spanking merits another round of spanking. Since you’re still learning, I won’t give you the punishment spanking this time.”

Cracking a smile, Mumma dropped the serious act, and playfully patted Katie’s rump three times. “But no more reminders…or you’ll get more reminder spankings! Repeat after me: Thank you, Mumma. Please give me a good reminder spanking, to help me remember to be good!”

Katie stiffened, realizing that each of the light love taps felt like a full-strength spank as the hellish flames crackled across her rear end. But as Mumma landed the last swat, it was as though she was smothering the invisible fire consuming Katie’s Hell-bound heinie. As the flames dissipated, she felt her tears return, and she hiccuped as she tried to repeat the words that would seal her doom. “Th-thank you, Mumma. P-lease *hic* give me a good reminder sp– *Hiccup!* R-reminder spanking, to– *Hic!* To help me memba’ to be…good!”

“Yes, Kitty, I will. And I want you to know: Mummy loves you!”

Katie squeaked as her Mumma lifted her into the air, like a baby. Mumma set her down to rest on her right thigh, holding Katie close against her chest with a warm embrace, so that Katie’s bottom faced outward, her legs dangling on either side of the maternal knee. Katie would have felt very safe and comforted, if she wasn’t painfully aware of what awaited her. Katie tried to open her mouth to plead, “Oh, no, Mummy. Please, no!” But Mumma wasted no time and silenced her daughter’s fussing with the first crisp smack with her left hand. As Katie yelped, her hiccups disappeared.

Katie quickly lost count of the number of spanks. The “long hand spanking” lasted about one minute, followed by two minutes of paddling with the bath brush. By the end, Katie had broken down crying again, but just as she stood up and started to perform the spankee’s war dance, Mumma grabbed her by the wrist. “Hold on, silly! I’ve got to switch sides. Don’t want an uneven

paint job, do we? The manual was very clear about the need to produce a consistent shade of red!"

Katie shook her head furiously, but before she could argue, she found herself deposited on Mumma's left knee, in a mirror image of her earlier position, and Mumma began spanking her with her right hand. "I'm a natural lefty. So when I spank you with your Pappa, I can count on him to even out the other cheek. But I suppose I'll have to get used to using my right hand when it's just you and me!"

After one minute of right-handed hand spanking, followed by two minutes of right-handed bath brush paddling, Mumma announced that the reminder spanking was officially over. Katie crumpled to the linoleum floor of the bathroom, rasping for air, lifting her throbbing butt high. "Fuh– *Hic!* Fuuuuck!" hissed Katie. Dimly, she wondered if the candid cameras had caught enough to get her banned from YouTube and Twitch by now.

Katie blinked as she looked over her shoulder to try and find the one hidden above the shower. But Mumma snapped her fingers. "Ooh! That reminds me, I had to remind you not to use naughty words!"

Katie's grunt of confusion, and her gasp of terror, were both interrupted by fresh hiccups. "Uh? *Hic!* Huh? *Hiccup!*"

But before Katie could articulate her despair in further detail, Mumma scooped up the yellow cake of soap and slipped it back into Katie's mouth, scooped up Katie and deposited her right back on her knee for the second reminder spanking. Katie howled and grunted, but to no avail.

"I have a bar of soap in my mouth, and I must scream!" thought Katie the Bulky.

End of Chapter 2

Katie the Bulky Gets Spanked
Chapter 3: Read the Fine Print
By Yu May and DrKriege

By the time Katie had endured her second round of her “gentle reminder” spanking, she was completely and thoroughly exhausted. Katie rested her forehead on the back of the toilet, twitching as she felt the seemingly never-ending barrage of swats from the wooden bathbrush. They didn’t hurt any less than before, but she was simply too tired to kick and squirm any more.

Mumma sighed with relief as she set down the bathbrush. “Well, that should do for your baththime spanking, unless you manage to find even more ways to get into mischief before nap time.”

Katie answered with a muffled sob, sending soap suds and spittle sailing as she spluttered past the soap bar.

Mumma slapped her forehead. “Silly me. You can’t really be expected to have a polite conversation with a soap bar stuffed in your mouth!”

As Mumma pulled the frothy soap bar out with a pop, Katie choked and stuck out sudsy tongue. “Bleah!”

Mom clapped Katie’s bottom playfully. “No sticking your tongue out at Mumma, tee hee! Now, let’s get you dried off.”

Mumma snatched up a towel and started ruffling it across Katie’s hair before she could argue. Mumma hummed to herself softly as she scooped up Katie’s musty clothing. “Goodness, I forgot to get you a change of clothes! Just wrap up in a towel for now, I’m sure Pappa has your new outfits ready for you by now. You can change after we finish our family discussion.”

Katie coughed up a few soap bubbles as she reached for the towel. Mumma yanked it away with a giggle. “Oh, no, I have some special towels for you! Don’t you remember how much you loved these, when you were little?”

As Mumma pulled two ratty old towels from under the sink, Katie blanched as she recognized them. “Sp-Sp-Spongebob Squarepants?”

Mumma nodded, her smile suddenly becoming mysterious. “Your favorites!”

Katie whined as she accepted the towels, but as she remembered the sorry state of her backside, Katie quickly wrapped her torso and head with the childish towels without argument.

To her annoyance, Katie caught a glimpse of her lower behind in the mirror. The towel was

barely wide enough to cover her breasts, and hung on her hips like a scandalously short miniskirt. But it was better than nothing.

Pouting, Katie lifted the towel to examine her aching buttocks. It was still a devilish shade of red, with a few splotchy purple bruises along her lower cheeks. Suddenly, Mumma scooped Katie up like a child, resting her on her forearm. “Now, let’s go find Pappa. He has to explain all the new rules you need to follow, and why you need to get spankings now.”

Katie squeaked as she felt her full weight being pressed against her lower buttocks. “Eep! N-now, Mumma…I’m a big girl, aren’t I? Can’t we discuss this in private?”

“What do you mean, Katie? We already are in private!”

Katie swallowed as she spotted the camera she’d tucked behind the shower head. “Um…”

Then, Mumma opened the door, and as Katie twisted around, she saw Pappa, pointing a handheld camera right at her buttocks. Pappa giggled.

"Whoops! Sorry, Katie, think I caught a glimpse of your little booty on the recording. Look dear, this camera’s entirely wireless. We’ll be able to record our little snookums when we take her out. Remember how we always wanted to record baby videos when Katie was little, but could never afford a camera? It's like we have a second chance now!"

Mumma craned her neck to examine the camera. “Isn’t that one of the cameras our naughty girl bought without asking permission?”

In horror, Katie noticed the red recording light on the handheld camera, and recognized it as the one she had set up to automatically start livestreaming to announce her Gamer Grrl Bathtime session. The blue light that indicated the wifi connection was lit. That meant she was still live on the internet!

Oblivious to Katie’s mortified expression, Pappa held up the camera. “Indeed it is! But I think it will serve nicely to record family memories. I’m scared to press any of the buttons but I think I got it recording. Why don’t we record our little ‘family meeting’ with Katie? I’m sure she’ll find it instructive later in life. After all, Katie, today is the day you finally learn what it means to be a big girl, and take responsibility!”

Shaking her head, Katie grit her teeth. “Nooooo!”

Mumma clapped Katie’s behind. “Oh dear. I have a sneaking suspicion we won’t be able to get through our little chat with our naughty little Kate…without having *another* little chat with Katie’s naughty little bum bum!”

Katie sucked in a breath as she felt the playful lovetap reignite the Hellish fire in her seat. “You don’t understand! That camera is…”

Katie trailed off. If her parents found out what she had been planning to use the camera for…she was sure to get another spanking!

Pappa blinked, still holding the camera steady. “Yes, Katie, dear?”

Katie faked a smile. “That camera is…perfect for making home movies! You should turn it off, so we save the battery for later!”

Pappa beamed. “Not to worry! I found the instructions for it. I couldn’t make hide nor hair of them, but apparently the battery can last for days without needing another charge. Now, Mumma, bring the prisoner to the living room! It’s time for her trial.”

“P-prisoner? T-trial?”

Mumma cooed. “Ooh, don’t you worry, Kitty. That’s just your Pappa’s just playing the judge to tease you…of course, if you’re naughty and don’t listen, I’ll be happy to play the executioner.”

Mumma swatted Katie across the behind, just firmly enough to make the warning clear. Katie tensed, and pressed her lips tightly together. All she had to do was keep cool until Mumma and Pappa were distracted…then she could shut down the livestream from her bedroom. They’d never have to know.

After Mumma set Katie down in the front room, Katie quickly fixed her towel, before Pappa cleared his throat. “I’ll just set this camera down on the mantle…there! Now we can capture everything…Ahem! All right, Katie dear, listen very carefully. There are going to be some new rules around the house…and strict consequences for breaking them. From now on, whenever you do something naughty, you get spankies. But spankies aren’t just a punishment for being naughty. They’re a way to teach you to be a good girl. So that means, from now on, you also get spankies at least once a day, and once before beddy bye!”

Katie grimaced. “What?!?”

Mumma held up a thick book with a vivid red and black cover. “According to the *Hell High Disciplinary Manual*, these are both special kinds of spankings. They are called, ‘Maintenance Spankings,’ and ‘Bedtime Spankings.’ You don’t get them for being naughty. These spankings are just to remind you to be good!”

Katie clutched her buttocks, twisting the Spongebob Squarepants pattern of her childhood towel in her huge hands. “But–but–but you already gave me reminder spankings!”

Pappa frowned. “Oh, dearie. Was Katie naughty during her bubble bath? I’m guessing that was all the commotion I overheard.”

Mumma sighed. “I’m afraid so. Katie earned three separate punishment spankings during her bathtime. But don’t worry, I remembered to give her the three extra reminder spankings too!”

“That’s good. Unfortunately, that still means she earned three additional bedtime spankings tonight. How many is she up to?”

Katie grit her teeth. “But…I already got spanked, like, twelve times today!”

Mumma sighed. “Yes, you really should make an effort to improve your behavior, Katie. And you ought to reread your manual. You should already know that reminder spankings are different than maintenance spankings and bedtime spankings. It’s true that all three serve a similar purpose: they all act as reinforcement. But each kind of spanking has its own unique goal.”

Feeling tears springing to her eyes, Katie shook her head. “Haven’t I been punished more than enough?”

Pappa patted her on her bare shoulder. “Of course you have…for the naughty things you’ve done today. Of course, you’ll probably make more mistakes, and need more punishment spankings in the future, and we will make sure you get them. But even if you behave perfectly for the rest of the day, you’ve still got a maintenance spanking after nap time.”

Mumma held up six fingers. “Plus six reminder spankings and six bedtime spankings.”

Pappa shook his head, “Oh, no dear, it will have to be seven bedtime spankings. She always gets at least one, plus an extra bedtime spanking for each misdeed.”

Katie felt her head spinning. “What misdeeds?”

Mumma counted off on her fingers. “One for spending your pocket money without asking for permission, one for disobedience during a spanking, one for using naughty words, one for splashing in the tub, one for engaging in dangerous behavior and almost hurting yourself…and *another* one for using naughty words!”

Pappa nodded. “Oh dear, a repeat offense? That will mean an eighth of bedtime spanking then.”

Katie felt her breath catch in her throat. “Eight spankings?”

Mumma giggled. “Of course! If you get spanked more than once for any given offense in a single day, that means it’s a more serious behavior issue, and merits an additional spanking.”

Katie felt her knees knocking. “You mean…I get spankings…for getting spankings?”

Pappa sighed, and reached for a notepad on the living room table. “We’ll need to keep track of her reminder spankings. Did you remember to give her a reminder spanking to remind her to obey before each of her punishment spankings?”

Mumma groaned. “Oh, dearie! I think I forgot about those!”

Pappa started scribbling furiously in the notepad. “Drat! Those are non-negotiable. No wonder you had so much trouble with Katie during bathtime. Ah well, I’ll just add an extra three spankings to her afternoon maintenance spanking.”

Mumma tapped the notepad. “No dear, it would have to be an extra *six* spankings. She should have gotten an extra reminder spanking before her three reminder spankings, too.”

Pappa nodded. “Ah, yes! Hold on, are we supposed to give Katie a reminder spanking, to remind her to behave, before we give her a reminder spanking, to remind her to behave?”

Mumma giggled. “Don’t be absurd, dear! If we did that, it’d mean we could never stop spanking her!”

Pappa chuckled. “Oh, of course! That would be a recursive loop, wouldn’t it? Anyway, Katie, do you have any questions for us?”

Katie’s voice cracked. “W-why are you doing this to me?”

Mumma and Pappa smiled sweetly, and answered together. “Because we love you!”

Pappa blinked. “Hold on, do the extra spankings she gets for repeated misbehavior also trigger a set of reminder spankings?

Mumma flipped through the manual, shaking her head. “Hmmm, I'm not sure, dear. Do you think that’s in the prospectus?"

Pappa picked up a stitched stack of papers, bearing a school insignia. “The prospectus just includes Katie’s *Code of Conduct* and preparatory materials for next term. I’m sure the disciplinary manual has the answer to that one.”

As Pappa held up the prospectus, Katie recognized her signature at the bottom of the first page, and snatched it roughly away from her father. “That thing! It’s got something to do with Hell High!”

Pappa snickered. “Well, of course it does, Katie. It is your new school after all!”

Mumma sighed as she closed the dense manual with a snap. “And don’t worry, we’ll keep reviewing the details of the disciplinary program to get you school-ready by September…no matter how much we have to spank you!”

Katie gripped the prospectus, twisting it in her hands as she recognized her own messy signature, in blood-red ink. “B-but…I don’t *want* to go to this school! I don’t *want* to get spanked!”

Pappa sighed, and tapped his finger against the damning signature. “Of course you do, sweetie. You signed it, after all. See? Here's your signature sealing the contract."

As Katie’s face turned beet red, she tore the thick bundle of papers cleanly in two, then again into fourths. “No! I don’t wanna! *Fuck* this prospectus! *Fuck* this stupid school! I’m the boss of me!”

Katie took deep, heaving breaths. She had done it! Now that she had destroyed the stupid contract, her nightmare was finally over!

Then, Mumma wagged a finger. “Oh, Katie, we’ve already warned you about using language like that!”

Pappa crossed his arms. "Indeed. Back over Pappa's knee you go!"

Katie cracked her knuckles. “Oh no you don’t! You jackasses have beat my ass for the last time! Now it’s my turn to…”

At that moment, a fluttering scrap of paper caught her eye. Though she had torn the prospectus cleanly into quarters, Katie spotted a scrap of paper with her signature, which remained fully intact.

Then Pappa snatched Katie by the wrist, and led her toward the sofa.

Mumma clicked her tongue, and she marched primly toward the kitchen. “Tsk, tsk! I'll fetch a fresh bar of soap to wash her mouth out, as soon as you’re finished with her."

Katie yelped and yanked with all her might against her father’s dainty little hand, to no avail. As Pappa sat, he tugged Katie forward and across his lap. “Oh, yes! And I’ve got to give her the reminder spanking, to remind her to behave during her punishment spanking!”

Mumma’s voice echoed from the kitchen. “And don’t forget her reminder spanking to remind her not to disobey before her reminder spanking to remind her not to use naughty words!”

Pappa lifted the corners of the Spongebob Squarepants towel to reveal Katie’s plump, bright-red

behind. “Ah, yes! Now, Katie, I expect you to be a good girl, and lie still whenever it is spanking time. Because if you don’t…”

Pappa landed a crisp clap across the center of Katie’s buttocks, then began to deliver a firm, steady spanking. Katie strained wildly, but her Pappa’s tiny left hand against the small of her back felt like an anvil pressing her down, while his right hand felt like a blacksmith’s hammer, beating down against her flaming, red-hot bottom.

As Mumma set down a fresh bar of soap, she picked up the pieces of Katie’s torn prospectus. “Bollocks. I was hoping to get this framed. Let’s hope Hell High can provide a replacement. I’ll try to salvage this copy for now.”

Pappa grunted as he added extra heft to each slap across Katie’s already tender tuchas. “Hmph! Good idea. This may take me a while…All right Katie, now that you’ve had a reminder, are you ready to be a good girl, and accept your punishment spanking?”

Digging her fingers into the sofa cushion, Katie finally caught her second wind. “Agh! This is insane! I’m too old for spanking! I’m in charge! Me! Me, me, me, me, meeeeeeeee!”

But even Katie could hear the desperation in her own voice, before Pappa cut her off with another whallop. “No, sweetie. I'm sorry, but you have to let a grown up be in charge.”

As Katie howled in protest, Pappa raised his voice to be heard above the din. “What does the manual say about extra spankings again? This is the second time Katie's has had to be disciplined for protesting today, isn't it?"

Mumma flipped open the manual, tracing her finger along the lines. “I think that protesting a spanking falls under the same category as resisting a spanking: general defiance, disrespect, and disobedience. But it’s a separate instance, so it will trigger an extra punishment spanking now, followed by a reminder spanking, plus an additional bedtime spanking and reminder spanking at bedtime.”

Pappa groaned as he hammered away at his daughter’s derriere. “Plus the additional reminder spankings for disobedience during a spanking. That’s nine bedtime spankings poor Katie has coming tonight.”

“No, ten bedtime spankings tonight. She earned another for using the f-word.”

“Does she get an eleventh spanking for using it twice?”

“I think that’s left up to the discretion of the disciplinarian.”

“Well, why don’t we stick with just one additional spanking then? I’m already feeling sorry for her poor little bottom.”

“Oh my, you’re so gentle with her. Do you hear that, Katie? Your Pappa is letting you off easy.”

“Yeeaaaaaaarrrgh!” answered Katie.

Pappa paused his spanking. “Oh, I think that should do for the first reminder spanking. Katie, are you ready for your first punishment spanking?

“Aaaah-ha-haaaaaooow!”

Pappa beamed, holding his hand high. “I’ll take that as a yes!”

After delivering Katie’s punishment spanking for defiance during a spanking, followed by another reminder spanking, followed by another punishment spanking for swearing, Mumma helpfully reminded Pappa that Katie needed a final reminder spanking for both offenses, including reminder spankings to act as reinforcement to obey during each reminder spanking. After delivering no less than 1,000 spanks, Pappa winced, and flexed his fingers. “Drat! We are going to need some sturdy spanking implements. Dishing out all these spankings every day is going to be very hard on my poor hand.”

As the spanking finally paused, Katie gasped for breath, between whinging cries.

At that precise moment, the door bell rang with a merry, “Ding-a-ling! Dong!”

A plain-faced woman poked her head into view from behind the door window. “Valkyrie Delivery Service? Need a signature for a large package.”

Mumma opened the door, and cooed as she signed the form. “Goodness! I wasn’t expecting a package. What could it possibly…be?”

But the Valkyrie delivery woman was already long gone. Mumma sniffed, and closed the door. “Hmph! Whatever happened to the good old days of having a friendly chat with the milkman?”

As Katie blinked back fresh tears, she saw a thick, red envelope being shoved through the mail slot. Mumma beamed as she scooped up the envelope, and thrust open the door. “Ooh? You came back? Perhaps you’d like to come in for a spot of…tea?”

Mumma stared at the empty front porch, then peered in every direction, but found no delivery woman. She saw and heard nothing, except for the sound of a hooting bird song from the nearby trees. “...How very peculiar?”

Pappa patted Katie’s bottom. “Well, let’s see what’s in our mystery mail! Katie, march your naughty little bottom straight to the corner. Hands on your head, and place your nose on the wall.”

As Katie slowly registered her absurd instructions, clenched her fists into tight balls. “No! I don’t gotta!”

Pappa sighed, and kicked up a foot to snatch off one of his slippers. “Dash it all…I can see we still have a long way to go."

With that, Pappa delivered a ferocious whack with the leather sole of his slipper, easily covering both of Katie’s butt cheeks. Unfortunately, for Katie, her father had been gifted with enormous feet.

Instantly, Katie felt the difference between the hefty slipper and her father’s dainty hand. “Ow! Ow, ow, ow! I’ll get you for this! I’ll get even! Just you wah–waaaaaiiiiiiiiiiiiiiittt!”

Pappa cut Katie’s argument off with a terrific swat, before increasing the tempo of the spanking. "Now Katie, we can't have this threatening attitude. And that’s *another* punishment spanking for defiance."

Mumma marked a tally on the notebook. “I think she’s up to twelve bedtime spankings now…Oh, look what came! Isn’t this lovely?”

Pappa paused, craning his neck to peek into the box, before suddenly remembering the bountiful, brobdingnagian bare buttocks before him. “What is it, love? Oh, that was just your reminder spanking, Katie. Now let’s start the actual punishment.”

As Pappa renewed the spanking in earnest, Mumma laid out a wooden paddle, a leather strap, and a thin wooden cane, along with a booklet with an old-fashioned illustration of a school-girl being flogged. “It’s the major three spanking implements from Hell High’s traditional program. See the engravings of their coat of arms? Plus, they added this lovely little catalogue of specialty implements we can order.There’s even a section on preparing a bundle of switches. We should have Katie try cutting and preparing her very own switch. Apparently it’s quite cathartic.”

As Katie struggled to make out her mother’s words, she felt her head spinning. “What? No, no, no! We don’t need any of this! You don’t…you don’t need…please don’t spank me!”

Pappa patted the sole of his slipper across Katie’s scorched, sizzling seat. “Katie, your inability to follow orders has earnt you this spanking.”

Mumma held up a finger. “Not to mention the reminder spanking.”

Pappa rubbed soft circles across his target, and to Katie’s horror, she felt the invisible, hellish fire return, burning away the dull ache. She felt each soft tap as keenly as the very first spank she’d gotten earlier today, though that now seemed like millenia ago. Pappa patted Katie’s

bottom, and raised the slipper high. “And, of course, you’ve earned an additional spanking for needing two punishment spankings in one day, for the same offense.”

Mumma licked her pen and made a tic on her notepad. “That’s thirteen!”

“Now hold still, Sweetie, I need to finish this slippering."

As Katie shook her head wildly, howling, the Spongebob Squarepants towel wrapped around her hair came loose, and her long wet bangs flew wildly. “Nuuu-hooooo! Uuuuaaa-ha-haaaaaaaw!”

Pappa delivered another set of twenty smacks at full strength, before pausing. “Darling, do I really have to give Katie all the reminder spankings, each and every time? I’m afraid I’ll never be able to keep track.”

Mumma sighed, and perused the manual. “We really ought to be thorough, if we want to prepare Katie properly…but I suppose the reminder spankings are considered discretionary. Only the punishment spankings have a required minimum for the number of strokes.”

“Oh, thank goodness. In that case, Katie…”

Pappa delivered the firmest whack yet, aiming for Katie’s lower-left buttock. “...Remember to hold still during spankings…”

A second smack, aimed at her lower-right buttock, “...Remember not to talk back during spankings…”

A third slap, across the exact same spot on her lower-right buttock. “...Remember not to threaten Mumma or Pappa…”

A fourth swat, this time across Katie’s lower-left buttock. “...Remember not to use naughty words…”

The fifth and final blow landed across the center of Katie’s buttocks with a thick splat. “...And remember to be a good girl, and go to time out when you’re told. Now, Kitty-kat, are you going to go stand in the corner, like a good girl?"

Katie heaved her chest, gulping for breath, between sobs. “Yeeeeeeesss! Yeh-he-hesssss!”

The last sound she managed to make was a squeak of surprise before Mumma pressed the soap bar into Katie’s mouth. Instantly, it pressed down against her tongue, and stuck fast.

Pappa patted Katie’s bottom, and stood her up. “That’s a good girl. Off to timeout you go.”

As she felt the small towel around her torso start to come loose, Katie quickly tried to fix it, before her Mumma pinched it and pulled it away, like a magician performing the tablecloth trick. “Ah, ah! I’d say you're plenty dry by now. Let’s have that naughty botty on full display. If you feel silly having your red, spanked little bottom hanging out, just remember how silly your behavior has been today.”

Katie stiffened as she felt the cool air, but with the ache of the last spanking still fresh in her mind, she tried to race to the corner, only to discover it was impossible for her to move normally without awakening the lingering ache. Her glutes were so sore and tender, she was forced to perform a sort of bouncing, skipping, shuffling motion with each step.

Just as Katie pressed her nose against the wall, she heard an envelope being torn open, followed by Mumma's squeal of delight. “Look at this! A fresh copy of the prospectus…with Katie’s signature!”

“Hmm? When could Katie possibly have had time to sign this one?”

Katie stiffened, then twisted to peer over her shoulder, careful not to remove her nose from the wall. Inwardly she screamed. *“No, it’s just not possible!”*

Mumma giggled. “I suppose they must have multiple copies on file. Thank goodness! I’ll go hang this one up on the fridge, in case Katie decides to have another one of her adorable little temper tantrums.”

“Good idea. Then we can review the catalogue. We should order at least one of every implement!”

Hunching her shoulders, Katie stared at the wall, not wanting to find out if peeping was considered disobedience. As she stood, she tried to hold her jaw steady, and breathe deep through her nose to avoid wetting the soap bar with her saliva…but it was as if an invisible finger was pressing down against the soap, rubbing it gently back and forth, then in circles. Quickly, sudsy drool started to drip from the end of the bar. Katie almost choked, before she began to think clearly.

Of course, the contract from Hell High must have something to do with this. She didn’t remember signing it, but she’d destroyed the first copy. Now that the fools had sent her the only remaining copy, she just had to tear it up, and she’d be free of its power.

Katie smiled, before nearly retching on the thick film of the soap. Katie pressed her forehead against the wall, letting her slobber drip freely to the carpet. Of course, she was an elite gamer girl. A strong and powerful woman. And this was a simple puzzle. All she had to do was solve it, and she would be free again…and then…it’d be Mummy and Pappa’s turn for a spanking. Katie bit down on the soap bar, fuming. *“Oh, ho, yes…the spanking of a lifetime!”*

Peeking across her shoulder, Katie saw her parents fully engrossed in the catalogue. She was in their blind spot. Carefully, Katie crept out of the corner, and tip-toed softly toward the kitchen, ignoring the screams of protest from her butt cheeks with every straining motion.

She saw the prospectus hanging on the fridge, as if it was waiting to greet her. Thanks to the soapy bubbles, Katie seemed to be frothing at the mouth as she closed in on the document, before she heard a sharp, hooting sound. Katie froze, then spun on her heels, covering her breasts and her front with her huge hands. But no one was there. She could still make out her parents chatting amiably in the next room. Out of the corner of her eye, Katie saw something fly past the window, and whistled with relief. *"Just a stupid bird,"* she thought.

Snatching the prospectus off the fridge, Katie tried to rip it in two with one clean tug, only for the thick bundle of papers to resist her. Katie strained twice, before taking a deep breath, and twisting with both hands to slowly rend it in two. Carefully, Katie made absolutely certain the name of her own signature, "Katie 'The Bulky' Bolker" was ripped right down the middle. Chortling and choking with glee, Katie thrust open the trash bin drawer, and chucked the torn remains of the prospectus. Then, she noticed a sealed, white envelope, and examined it. "Heaven High: To Bring Peace on Earth, and Good Will Towards Men!"

With a derisive snort, Katie let the envelope flop back into the trash, but as she closed it, a scrap of paper fluttered to the floor. Katie stooped to pick it up…and discovered it was a piece of paper, with her entire signature, still intact. Katie didn't blink.

Then, with trembling hands, she quickly tore the scrap of paper in two, and threw it away. Of course, it was just one of the pieces from the first copy of the prospectus. Now, they were both gone! But as Katie opened the drawer, she saw the prospectus greeting her. It was crumpled and torn at the edges, but it was completely intact…including her signature.

Snatching up the prospectus, Katie ripped the first page free from the rest of the document, and easily ripped it in half. But as she held up the pieces, she saw the tear had angled wildly off center, missing her signature. Dropping the other half of the page, Katie twisted to rip apart her signature again, but the paper didn't yield. Katie sank her teeth deep into the soap bar, straining with all her might, but she couldn't so much as dent it. Hissing with rage, Katie snatched up a pair of scissors, her whole body shaking as she tried to snip the final scrap of paper with her intact signature. Twice, the paper seemed to slip from the scissors grip, before they finally caught the edge and started to cut. Sweat dripped from Katie's brow as she squeezed the scissors with such force, the metal blades started to groan under the strain.

Mumma's voice cracked like a whip from behind her. "Katie Bulke Bolker! What on earth are you doing with–"

As she jumped, Katie bit the soap bar clean in two, almost swallowing half of it, and one of the blades of the scissors snapped and went flying into the air.

Mumma screamed. “–my scissors? Oh, Katie, shame on you! Shame, shame, shame. You could have put your eye out! That’s definitely worth another spanking. You’re not to play with Mummy’s—”

As Mumma snatched Katie by the wrist, she spotted the torn remains of the prospectus. “You tore up the code of conduct…again?”

Pappa appeared at the kitchen door. “She did *what* again? Katie! What if the headmaster of your school finds out? He might not think you want to be a Hellion!”

Katie spluttered, pointing desperately at the torn remains of the prospectus. “Buhb–maii domf whahmma beemah Hewweahff!” [“But–I don’t wanna’ be a Hellion!”]

Pappa rolled up his sleeve. “That does it, Katie. Now, I’m afraid I’ll have to be strict with you.”

Mumma held up a hand as she marched Katie out of the kitchen. “Not so fast! Remember your blood pressure. Besides, I think it’s my turn to take a crack at Katie.”

Pappa wiped his brow. “Very well. I’ll just wait til Katie’s bed time. Hopefully, I’ll have cooled off by then. Remember, Mumma, we mustn’t punish our beloved Katie in anger.”

“Yes, yes, I’ll make sure I’ve taken all my anger out on Katie’s naughty little booty, *before* I punish her for the scissors.”

Pappa beamed, as he rolled up his other sleeve. “Quite right. Then there’s the punishment for tearing up her prospectus, again…which means another spanking for repeating the same offensive behavior. How many bedtime spankings is she up to?”

Mumma scoffed as she seated herself on the couch, and easily yanked her screeching, protesting daughter across the maternal lap. “I think past a certain point, we can just set a timer for a few hours and spank her continuously. There’s a section on ‘Creative Alternatives to Traditional Spanking’ at the back of the manual.”

“My, my! How progressive!”

As Mumma began to spank Katie in ernest, Pappa picked up the disciplinary manual, and sat to read it. As he pulled out his pipe, he had a contented look on his face. “You know, this is the most relaxed I’ve felt in years. There must be something to this whole theory of spanking as a form of catharsis.”

Katie screamed, sticking out her tongue as she gagged on suds, but by now, the remains of the soap bar had bonded to her tongue like glue.

…

Mumma carried out a long hand spanking, before asking Pappa to fetch her her favorite hairbrush.

Pappa held up the wooden paddle. “Sure you don’t want to try one of these?”

Mumma shook her head. “I want to practice with those before I use them for punishment spankings.”

“Practice? How on earth are you going to practice?”

“I’ll practice on Katie, of course!”

Katie moaned. By now, the soap bar had dissolved into a puddle of white foam in her mouth, meaning she could finally manage to speak semi-coherently again.
“Noooooooo…Pah-puh-leeeeeze! Hah…huh…Nah-hooooooooo!”

Pappa flipped to a page in the manual. “Hold on, it says here that preparing Katie for school discipline falls under a different category…diciplinary spanking.”

Mumma pursed her lips. “You mean punishment spankings?”

“No, no, disciplinary spanking. There is overlap, of course, but there’s a subtle distinction between the two.”

“And that is?”

“While punishment spankings are tied to a specific instance of improper behavior, disciplinary spankings are about imposing a proper structure to encourage good behavior. For example, all maintenance spankings fall under the category of disciplinary spankings. Which reminds me…Katie, honey. If you want, instead of giving you your maintenance spankings with my hand, I can instead use one of these implements. Would you like that?”

Katie spat, seething. “Pwah! No! Of *course*, I wouldn’t like that! Are you stupid?”

Mamma landed a ferocious swat with the hairbrush. “Try that again, Katie, and more politely.”

“Agh! Okay, okay! Just *don’t* do that, please!”

Pappa shook his head. “Are you sure, Katie? You’re going to need to get the paddle, the strap, and the cane sooner or later, or you’ll never be ready to submit to them in school. I really think we should substitute your regular maintenance spankings for a training session with each of these implements. It will be harder at first, but you’ll thank me later.”

Katie slapped her forehead against the sofa cushion. “I already said no! When I say no, I mean no!”

Pappa sighed. “Very well…In that case, I’ll just give you your regular maintenance spanking with my hand…followed by a training session with all three implements. Every…single…day. You’re very brave to ask for additional discipline, Katie. I’m so proud of you!”

Katie’s eyes popped open, and she bounced up and down on her Mumma’s lap. “What? No, no, no! That’s not what I want! I meant–”

Mumma cut Katie off with another ferocious blow of the hairbrush. “Nonsense, Katie. Of course you want to make your Pappa proud of you. Why else would you ask us for all this spanking? Because deep down, you know it’s what you need!”

With a long, shuddering wail, Katie rolled back her head, arching her back, and kicking up her feet to shield her bottom, before quickly remembering to pull them away. “Sorry! I’m sorry!”

Mumma tapped Katie’s bottom with the hairbrush. “Ah, ah, ah! That was too close! I’m glad I took the time to emphasize the importance of not shielding your bottom this time. I can see this spanking is already having a positive, moderating effect on your behavior. You’re becoming a good little girl again.”

Pappa picked up the duffel bag, and fished out a pacifier. “Which reminds me…Look, Katie, it’s your favorite old dummy, from when you were just a baby!”

As Katie tried to plead, Pappa popped the pacifier in her mouth, and as she tried to spit it out, she felt the same Hellish power from before holding it in place.

Pappa patted Katie on the top of her head, ruffling her messy hair. “Now that you’ve been properly punished, we can finally start over with a clean slate, just like we promised. Here, let’s get you dressed.”

Katie clenched her glutes as she spotted the contents of the bag: a rubber bib, a frilly pink bonnet, and a pair of mittens and socks, hand-knitted from pink wool. Katie tried to say, “Oh, fuck!” but most fortunately for her bottom, all she could manage was to suck loudly on the pacifier.

Glancing at the handheld camera on the mantle, Katie quickly covered her front as her Mumma lifted her up off her lap. Katie tried to twist away, but her Mumma sat her right back down on her lap and tied the bonnet over Katie’s head, while Pappa attached the bib. The front of it was decorated with cartoony words: “Oops! I made a mess!”

Katie shook her head as she was set down on the floor, before she was laid to rest on her back, and the socks and mittens were forced onto her as well. Pappa frowned as he peeked in the

duffel bag. “Mumma…we’re not really going to put Katie in nappies again, are we? I found a couple from when she was a baby, but…well, I don’t think they’re big enough to fit her anymore.”

Mumma sighed. “I suppose you’re right. But the whole point of this exercise is to act as a symbolic reset. It’s too bad we don’t have diapers, big enough for…well, such a big baby.”

Suddenly, the door bell rang. Pappa answered it, and found the exact same Valkyrie delivery woman, holding a trolley of six cardboard boxes, decorated with a cartoon giraffe in diapers. “Um…got a year’s supply of adult diapers here for a…Katie the Bulky 1337 Gamer Grrl? Sign here please?”

Pappa examined the clipboard. “What? From who?”

The delivery woman shrugged. “Uh, it just says, from your adoring fans. Plus there’s a smaller package here. This one’s signed…from your old pal, Lil’ Miss Spanky Pants?”

Pappa turned to glance at Mumma. “Strange packages from strangers? Why would anybody be sending Katie adult diapers?”

Katie tensed, and glanced at the handheld camera on the mantle. Sure enough, the red recording light was still on, as well as the blue light that indicated the wi-fi connection was working perfectly.

Mumma giggled. “Why, isn’t it obvious? Katie’s fans must be sending it to her presents as some sort of in-joke. I assume it’s got something to do with internet memes. The best ones are always so random! Isn’t that right, Katie?”

Katie swallowed, then nodded, mumbling past the pacifier. “Mm-hmmph!”

The delivery woman finally spotted Katie. “Huh. Internet stuff. Well…I’ll leave you to it.”

As the woman turned, an owl swept down from a nearby tree, and landed on her head. The woman dropped her clipboard as she flailed. “Agh! What is it? Get off!”

Katie saw the owl drop a red envelope, before it fluttered away. The delivery woman groaned. “Ugh…I don’t get paid enough for this…”

Then the woman glanced at Katie, still hunching on the floor. “Katie…the Bulky, huh? I’ll see if I can search for your profile.”

Pappa chuckled. “Ah dear, you’re a gamer too? Just to warn you, Katie’s been a very naughty girl, so she’s lost all gaming privileges. It might be a few months before she’s allowed to use the internet again.”

Mumma winked, then rolled Katie onto her stomach to expose her bright red bottom, which Mumma patted playfully. “You might say…she’s going to have a hard time *sitting down* to play video games for a good, long while.”

Katie bit down on the pacifier, and glanced over her shoulder, blushing. “Pwweeeeath!”

The delivery woman blinked. “You know what…maybe my job ain’t so bad after all. Later, folks!”

After Pappa closed the door, he spotted the red envelope on the ground. “Hmm? The delivery girl must have dropped this…Oh ho! I think I might know what this is…”

Pappa popped open the red envelope, and pulled out another copy of the prospectus. “Mumma! I think Katie was playing a little prank on us!”

Katie’s pupils shrunk to the size of pinpricks as she recognized her signature at the bottom, in blood red ink.

Mumma sniffed. “Well, it wasn’t a very nice prank, if you ask me. But I suppose we already spanked Katie for that, so all that’s left is to get her diapered and put her down for a nap.”

Pappa pulled out a pack of diapers, and patted it.

Katie tensed at the mention of the word diapers. Crouching on all fours, she readied herself to pounce like a cat, and fight. But as she spotted the horrible contract, the whole world seemed to disappear around her, except the burning image of her glowing, red signature.

Then, with tears springing to her eyes, Katie flipped over the entire couch, before she flopped down to lie on her tummy, kicking her feet and pummeling her fists. “Noooph! Nommwanna! Mahm’ah digh’goooh!” [“No! No wanna’! I’m a big girl!”]

With a mighty kick, Katie sent the living room table sailing across the room, before twisting to lie on her back, flailing her legs and arms wildly.

Mumma shook her head as she caught Katie’s ankle, and pulled her daughter’s legs up into a diaper position. “Nah, ah ah! None of that! Throwing temper tantrums? At your age?”

Pappa grimaced as he began to diaper Katie. “Um…darling, we’re not going to make Katie actually *use* these things, are we?”

Mumma scoffed. “Oh, good heavens, no! …Assuming she behaves herself. I potty trained Katie once. Never again! …So you’d better hope your daughter learns to behave herself, or it’s your turn.”

Pappa finished taping the diaper in place, and patted Katie's bottom, before scooping her up and into his arms. "I don't think there will be any need for that. Once Katie learns to accept a spanking, we can graduate her to toddler clothes. The book recommends we reevaluate her once a week, allowing her to advance to more mature clothing if she makes progress."

"Hopefully she doesn't regress. I'd hate to send her to school dressed like this…Thank you for helping me diaper our sweet little baby!

"Grab the camera, won't you, my love? We're putting Katie down for her very first nap. I want to treasure this moment."

As Mumma retrieved the camera, she spotted the smaller package from Lil' Miss Spanky Pants. "…By the way, what's in the little box?"

"See for yourself! Whoever Lil' Miss Spanky Pants is, she must be quite a big fan of Katie the Bulky!"

Mumma popped it open. "A baby monitor? …Which reminds me, we'll need to hire a baby sitter to watch Katie, if you and I ever want to go on another date again."

Katie's face sank as she saw the contents of the box. The baby monitor resembled a small robot with a cartoonish face, pointing a little finger at her in an adorable imitation of stern authority.

Pappa hummed. "Wasn't there some nice girl in Katie's class who used to have a baby sitting gig? The girl Katie said she liked so much?"

"The one from the debate team? Spotty faced girl with braces?"

"Yes! That's the one! I think I still have her parents' number." Pappa set Katie down in her crib, which had been set up right in front of her full-sized bed. The crib was so scrunched, Katie was forced to tuck her knees against her chest as he laid her to rest.

As she carried her daughter into her bedroom, Mamma kissed Katie on the nose. "Now, Katie, dear, you've had a rough first day. But you still have plenty of lessons to learn about respecting our authority. So get some rest."

Pappa set down the cartoony baby monitor on Katie's dresser, before waving his finger in a similar gesture of mock authority. "And no sneaking out during nap time!"

Clutching the edge of her crib, Katie wiped away the tears clinging to her eyelashes, and dimly became aware of her surroundings. Dad had forgotten to activate the baby monitor. Glancing at her gamer set up, Katie realized it had all been left intact. As Katie tried to stand, she almost slipped. The pink socks were slick, and the mittens made it hard to grip anything.

Ignoring the throbbing, pulsing sensation from her bruised and blistered buttocks, Katie climbed out of her crib and crawled toward her computer. Then she suddenly remembered she didn't need to crawl, and stood, pawing at the mittens. But they were tied far too tight.

Finally, she whistled with frustration, and grabbed the mouse. Slowly, Katie started to type out her password, before pausing to rip a sticky note off the screen. It read, "Remember, Katie: No video games! –Love, Pappa."

Thanks to her fingerless gloves, it took Katie three tries before she unlocked her desktop. As soon as she brought up the live stream…Katie saw her own face on screen. It was still live, and hundreds of comments were flying past the chat box. Katie looked for the streaming software to shut down the broadcast, before a comment caught her eye.

"We did it, Katie! We saved you from getting banned!"

Katie blinked. Then she noticed her subscriber count and concurrent viewers. That morning, she had been struggling to get to 1,000 concurrent viewers. Rubbing her eyes, Katie saw she now had well over 100,000 people listed under "Watching Now."

More comments caught her eye. "We kept switching the camera angle, any time it was getting too close to showing something!"

"Patron here! We archived everything, before Patreon shut you down!"

Then Katie spotted a strange user name. LilMissSpankyPants wrote: "Katie Bulke Bolker! What are you doing out of bed, young lady?"

Seething with rage, Katie clicked on the chat, planning to type out an obscene threat. But the moment she clicked on the window, a pop up appeared. "Parental Controls: This Action is Not Allowed! Enter Password to Unlock."

Katie's eyes widened, before she scrambled to open the computer's task functions. Everything was locked. Of course! If her dad had installed parental controls, without touching anything else, that meant everything would continue to run, exactly as she had left it. Katie looked around her room, and saw all the cameras she had installed herself. They were like evil eyes, watching her from every angle. A panopticon, and all of her own devising. Katie clawed at the desk with her pink mittens. If she could just unplug the computer…

Then, her bedroom door opened slowly and Pappa appeared, with Mumma right behind him. "Shhh! Silly me. Forgot to set up the baby monitor. I'll just be quiet so I don't wake…Katie?"

Then Mumma's eyes narrowed. "Katie Bulke Bolker! What are you doing out of bed, young lady?"

Katie waved her pink mittens in front of her, before everything started to happen, with nothing she could do to stop it from happening.

Before Katie knew it, she was lying on her tummy across Mummy and Pappa's knees, before she felt her diaper being yanked off to reveal her bare bottom to the cameras behind her.

…

Outside Katie's window, a horned owl roosted on a tree branch, ruffling its feathers as it watched the proceedings. *"Hmm… Can't recall ever seeing this happen when I delivered letters for that other magical school,"* thought the owl.

As the owl narrowed its yellow eyes, it caught a full glimpse of the young woman being laid on her back. Then her ankles were lifted high in the air, as both parents delivered round two of her ongoing spanking, using both a slipper and a hairbrush.

The owl clicked its beak. *"Though if you ask me…this is a definite improvement!"*

The End?